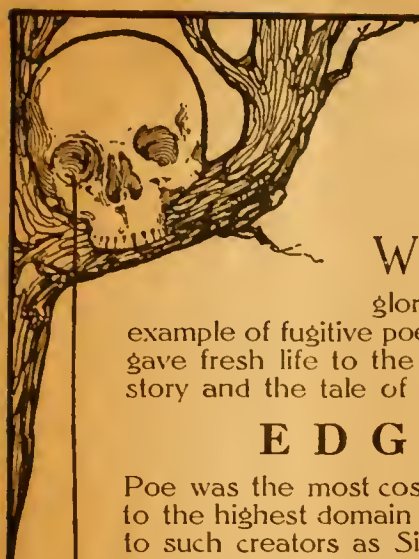


"The Artist in Our Literature"

WE will wager that you have no complete set of the works of the man whom Lord Tennyson called "the literary glory of America"—the man who wrote the most effective example of fugitive poetry ever published in the United States—the man who gave fresh life to the "short story"—the man who invented the detective story and the tale of mystery—America's first real critic:

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Poe was the most cosmopolitan of American writers. His best work belongs to the highest domain of art. His stories have admittedly served as models to such creators as Sir Conan Doyle, and some of his verse is not excelled by any in our languange for music and imagination. His strong originality, his firm, fine touch, and his sombre, yet beautiful, temperament, combine to throw a spell over his readers and, as it were, transport them to another world.

ONLY 60 SETS NOW LEFT!

WE have an edition of POE'S works that we have called the FORDHAM EDITION; for it was in his tiny cottage at Fordham that Poe composed "The Raven." This set is in ten volumes, and contains over 3,000 text pages—each one printed in two colors with an ornamental border. The set is illustrated by 36 full-page designs in photogravure on Japan vellum with printed tissues. The majority of these illustrations are by eminent hands and interpret Poe in his various moods with unusual power. The books are bound in three-quarters leather, octavo, with silk headbands. An introduction is given by Nathan Haskell Dole, the well-known editor; and there are brief appreciations by Longfellow, Burroughs, Tennyson, Doyle, Whittier, Browning, Hawthorne and others. Of this edition, only 60 sets are actually left in our stock room—a mere fragment remaining from a special printing, the balance of which we have recently disposed of. One of these 60 sets may be yours—a beautiful and fascinating possession—if you let us know now. In a few days more they will be gone.

OUR APPROVAL OFFER

Set Sent Free—No Money Now

WE offer to send to you the set of 10 volumes, charges paid, for your careful examination. You can look them over much more thoroughly than you would be able to do in a bookshop. Upon acceptance of them, all you need to do is to send us a first payment of $1.00. The balance may be paid at the rate of $2.00 per month until the entire set has been paid for. If, for any reason, you decide not to retain them, they may be returned to us at our expense, Simply notify us and we shall provide for taking them back.

While they last, these 60 sets, which will be shipped in order exactly as requests are received, will be sold without reserve at $16.50 per set. This is a remarkable sacrifice and places a beautiful set of this great American classic easily within your reach. You owe it to yourself to secure a set of the masterpieces of this distinguished American while you have the chance—NOW.

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY
44-60 E. 23rd ST. NEW YORK

NOTE THESE TITLES

This edition-de-luxe contains such world-famous stories as "The Fall of the House of Usher," "The Tell-Tale Heart," "The Black Cat," "The Gold Bug," "The Mystery of Marie Roget," "The Pit and the Pendulum," "The Purloined Letter," "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Descent into the Maelstrom," "The Assignation," "The Strange Case of M. Valdemar," etc., etc.; such great poems as "El Dorado," "The Bells," "Annabel Lee," "The Haunted Palace," "The Raven," etc. etc; and such noteworthy critical articles as "The Philosophy of Composition," and "The Poetic Principle." A general index is included in the tenth volume.

REQUEST FOR SHIPMENT

The University Society, W.M 11-11
New York, N. Y.

Send me for examination, charges paid, one set (10 vols.) of POE'S WORKS, Fordham Edition. If it is satisfactory, I shall send $1.00 on acceptance and $2.00 monthly thereafter until $16.50 has been paid. If not, I shall notify you.

Name .....

Address .....

TRIAL OF JESUS FROM A LEGAL STANDPOINT

By W. J. GAYNOR, Mayor of New York City, and Formerly Supreme Court Justice

Jesus was not the victim of a mob but was tried and condemned in a court of law. Was the trial fair? Was the arrest lawful? What was the charge and was it a crime in law? Was the court duly constituted? Had it jurisdiction? Did the evidence support the verdict? Was the sentence legal? Was Jesus denied any lawful right? Ought the Appellate Court to have reversed the judgment had the great Prisoner at the bar made appeal? Judge Gaynor's judicial review of this tragic event is one of the intellectual productions of the world. Published exclusively in Vol. II Sellers' Classics just off the press. Daniel Webster's speech against a man charged with murder also published and many masterpieces of literature found in no other book. 321 pages. Price $2.00.

Vol. I. (distinct from Vol. II.) contains great jury trials and legal arguments. You hear Beach's burning words in the damage suit against Henry Ward Beecher for leading the plaintiff's wife astray, and the eloquent Tracy in the minister's defense. You hear Delmas in the Thaw case picture Evelyn's life along the primrose path. You hear Prentiss in Kentucky's greatest murder trial and Susan B. Anthony's dramatic response to the court that condemned her. You hear Clarence Darrow and Senator Borah in Haywood's recent trial, and you stand for two hours with the mighty Voorhees as he invokes the unwritten law in behalf of an erring sister's brother who killed the man "that plucked the flower from the garden of honor and flung it away in a little while, withered and dead." You hear Ingersoll, Seward, Lewis, Rayner, Brady and other thought and language masters plead for the heart treasures of life. 314 pages. Price $2.00.

Both books handsomely bound and illustrated. Sold separately or together. Shipped prepaid. If either is not all we claim money refunded and ten per cent additional as interest thereon.

CLASSIC PUBLISHING CO., Box 5, Baxley, Ga.

Dr. Irvine K. Mott's Method of Kidney Treatment

restores cell function of the kidney not destroyed, arrests and prevents further spreading of the disease. His methods for treating kidney affections have been tested by the Cincinnati Post. A full detail of this investigation or test can be had by addressing him as below.

Dr. Mott is a graduate of a Cincinnati medical college, class 1883, and afterward took instructions abroad, later becoming a specialist and investigator of kidney diseases. For nearly twenty years he has revealed to science that kidney diseases can be checked, the patient restored to normal weight and enabled to resume work.

The following is a statement from Dr. Mott: "My method is intended to arrest the disease, even though it has destroyed most of the kidney, and to preserve intact that portion not yet destroyed. The medicines I use are for the purpose of neutralizing the poisons that form a toxine that destroys the cells in the tubes of the kidneys, and my success in the treatment of kidney diseases is enough to convince physician and patient alike, that science has mastered a hitherto 'incurable disease, physiologically speaking.'" Dr. Mott invites the afflicted to send their symptoms and to ask for his free expert opinion. He will send you his essay on kidney troubles.

Correspondence should be directed to

IRVINE K. MOTT, M. D.

323 Mitchell Building, CINCINNATI, O.

THE LIFE and SPEECHES

OF

THOMAS E. WATSON

Contains a biographical sketch written by himself, and a careful selection of addresses made by him during the last thirty years.

These speeches cover a great variety of subjects. They begin wth a eulogy which Mr. Watson delivered in the Georgia Legislature on Alex. H. Stephens. They contain some of his Commencement speeches. They also contain his Labor Day speech, and many of his political and economic addresses, the result of years of the closest research and study. These speeches cover the Child Labor question, National Finance, discussion of the Tariff System, of the National Banking System, the Government Ownership of Railroads, the corrupt legislation put upon the country by the two old parties, a thorough exposition of the principles of Jeffersonian Democracy and a thorough treatment of the evils of class legislation which now oppress the people.

The second edition just out, with a hitherto unpublished photograph of Mr. Watson.

Price 60 cents, postpaid, or may be had as a premium for one new yearly subscription to WATSON'S MAGAZINE or *The Jeffersonian*.

Address

THE JEFFERSONIANS, Thomson, Ga.

Watson's Magazine

Entered as second-class matter January 4, 1911, at the Post Office at Thomson, Georgia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published Monthly by JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Thomson, Ga.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR TEN CENTS PER COPY

Vol. XIV. NOVEMBER No. 1

CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE—The Arraignment . . . . . Ralph M. Thomson

EDITORIALS AND SERIALS—Thomas E. Watson.

THE STORY OF THE SOUTH AND WEST 531

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC HIERARCHY 534

SURVEY OF THE WORLD 586

DESERTED—(A Poem) . . . . . Isabel S. Mason . . . 540

THE CRUSADES—The Fall of Constantinople 541

PECOS THE PEELER . . . . . B. M. Bower 546

POETS OF THE SOUTH . . . . . Robert Paine Hudson . . 553

OUR NATIONAL DESPOT . . . . . P. A. Spain, M. D. . . . 563

WITNESSES—(A Poem) . . . . . Stokely S. Fisher . . . 566

THE RECALL OF JUDGES . . . . . Julian Kitchin 567

SLEEP—(A Poem) . . . . . Herbert Peele 571

REMINISCENCES FROM THE FIRING LINE 572

THE BATTLE OF VIRGINIA . . . . . John Esten Cooke . . 575

WATCHING FOR THE MORN—(A Poem) . . . . Alonzo Rice 585

THE BABY SHOW 592

EDUCATIONAL 595

BOOK REVIEWS 597

REPRESENTATIVES: W. M. Fry, Stahlman Block, **Nashville, Tenn.**; Manning Wakefield, 8 Wall Street, **Atlanta, Ga.**; Geo. S. Krantz, 107 W. 13th Street, **New York City**; C. S. Parr, Tremont Temple, **Boston, Mass.**; W. E. Herman, 112 Dearborn St., **Chicago, Ill.**

EDUCATIONAL

Takes Only 200

RUSKIN CAVE COLLEGE

"No Football"

Sweet Country Village—No Evils of Town or City

"The School That Cares"

No school like it—entirely different. Write for "CHARACTER TALKS"—free while they last. Address the college, RUSKIN, TENN.

Ward Seminary

FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG WOMEN

Nashville, Tennessee

46th year. Seminary and Special Courses. College preparatory certificate admits to college without examination. Conservatory of Music—Emil Winkler, Director; Signor Campobello, Voice; Fritz Schmitz, Violin. 175 Boarding Pupils. Complete appointments. City advantages. Beautiful campus for outdoor sports. Excellent health record. For catalogue address

J. D. BLANTON, President

FREE BOOKS

We give away valuable educational works as premiums for subscriptions to Watson's Magazine. Write to the

JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING CO., Thomson, Ga.

Give Your Boy an Automobile Education

It will be worth more to him than if you placed a thousand dollars to his credit in the bank—he might squander the money, but he cannot lose his education as an automobile expert. We have young men yet in their teens, earning as high as $150.00 a month. We can teach the automobile business, in your own home, in 12 weeks. Under our plan we furnish each student with a small model of an automobile, and we employ all our students the day they enroll. Part of the cost to learn is not payable until we place our graduates in positions. Get your boy started right in life by giving him a trade that will pay a high salary and insure his always having an income. Write for our descriptive plan No. 100 and copies of letters from our graduates now employed.

The Automobile College of Washington, Inc.,
Washington, D. C.

LIBERTY COLLEGE FOR WOMEN GLASGOW KENTUCKY

Standard college courses: Also two and three year courses above high school; Normal, Domestic, Commercial and Preparatory.
Conservatory of Music, Art and Expression, especially thorough. Faculty from the best schools of Europe and America. Charming home surroundings; Delightful climate. For Handsome Catalog, address

M. W. HATTON, President, Glasgow, Kentucky.

The Making of a Woman—

That's the mission of Bessie Tift College.

A woman—not merely an educated female person.

The best instruction a University-trained faculty can give—music—literature—languages—art—expression. And something more—the life of a splendid home; refined and religious atmosphere; fresh air; health; happiness. Ask about it in a post card to

Forsyth, Georgia — DR. C. H. S. JACKSON, President

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC BOYCOTT

Is growing so in interest, Mr. Watson is giving a series of articles in the Weekly Jeffersonian relative to it. ℙThe Weekly Jeffersonian also handles State and National politics without gloves. ℙOne dollar per year; six months, fifty cents; three months, twenty-five cents. ℙNo matter how long or how short a time you subscribe for, you'll come back. . . . . .

THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, - Thomson, Georgia

MARTIN COLLEGE

AN ENDOWED SCHOOL FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG WOMEN

Established 1870 **PULASKI, TENN.** **W. T. WYNN, President**

Located on main line of the L. & N. R. R., (eight passenger trains daily) in the beautiful "Blue Grass" region, so famous for health and scenery. Cultured community. All departments. German Director of Music. Conservatory, College and University trained teachers. Two excellent Literary Societies. Good Pianos—new Grand for recitals. Correspondence invited. Forty-first session begins Sept. 20, 1911. Write for catalogue. Address,

W. T. WYNN, Box 11, PULASKI, TENNESSEE

THE FITZGERALD AND CLARK SCHOOL TULLAHOMA, TENNESSEE

On the Cumberland Plateau, 1070 feet above sea level. Superb main building—New and up-to-date gymnasium, with swimming pool. Sixteen-acre campus, athletic field, tennis courts, etc.
THOROUGH PREPARATION for the best colleges and universities. We seek to develop good habits, and the qualities that go to make up a WELL-ROUNDED CHRISTIAN MANHOOD. For Catalog, address
FITZGERALD & CLARK, Box W, Tullahoma, Tenn.

LAW SCHOOL OF CUMBERLAND UNIVERSITY

Lebanon, Tennessee

Next term begins first Wednesday in September. Students entering then finish with LLB degree in one year. The course is full, embracing ten thousand pages of living American law.

THE BRISTOL-NELSON SCHOOL

FOR BACKWARD, FEEBLE-MINDED and NERVOUS CHILDREN

LIMITED TO 15 PUPILS

Each child receives individual attention. Homesickness unknown. Elegantly appointed building—electric lights—steam heat—large grounds. **Endorsed by Southern Medical Association. Prices reasonable. Articulation a Specialty. Health record.** Address **MRS. AVA BRISTOL-NELSON, Supt., Murfreesboro, Tenn.**

Castle Heights School, LEBANON, TENNESSEE

An institution that has achieved national distinction in a decade. At the forefront of Southern schools in character-building, Equipment, and Clean Sportsmanship. Classical, Scientific and Commercial Courses. Number limited to 150 guarantees **individual** attention. Certificate admits to prominent colleges, North and South. Healthful location. Six handsome buildings. No saloons. Cigarettes prohibited. Gymnasium; swimming pool. Magnificent athletic field; cinder track, gridiron, diamond, etc. Rates, $350.

For catalogue and information address **THE HEADMASTERS, Box C.**

Send Your Boy or Girl to Me

If they are ambitious, desirous of obtaining a ***superior*** *education I'll conscientiously guide them to*

The Goal of Success

Thoroughness and Completeness Our Motto.

This College has ***more*** *Bankers, Professional Men Business and Railroad Officials on its lists of graduates than* ***any other*** *college in the South.*

Telephones:
Office, M. 1823
Home, M. 3059

Fall's Business College,

Broadway and Eighth Ave.—Northwest

Alexander Fall *Nashville, Tenn.*

THE OLDEST AND THE BEST

Health

"Fat, oil, butter, cream and eggs certainly caused my catarrh and deafness, but your diet of lean meats, green vegetables, fruits, etc. cured me in a few weeks. My brain power and complexion improved tremendously, and I succeeded financially." . . . Different classes of foods cause different diseases, but correct combinations cure. Send ten cents for instructive booklets: (1) The Brainy Diet Cure, (2) Diet vs. Drugs, (3) Effects of Foods, (4) Key to Longevity.

G. H. Brinkler, Food Expert, Dept. 57, Washington, D. C.

OSTEOPATHY IN A NUTSHELL

Dr. Goetz's Manual tells you how to cure all diseases **without drugs.** This is one of the many indorsements received: "Your Manual received, which I like very much. I can do anything laid down in the book, and it is so plain. J. W. Carter, McLemoresville, Tenn."

Our Prospectus and Sample Pages, Free, tell you all about it.

NATURE CURE COMPANY,
Dept. K., 1313 Vine St. Cincinnati, Ohio.

KODAK

Gives Pleasure to All the Family

"At Home with the Kodak," a splendid illustrated booklet explaining how to take good pictures of the family in the familiar home surroundings. Send for a FREE copy.

LET US FINISH YOUR KODAK PICTURES.

DUNCAN R. DORRIS COMPANY
Box 145 NASHVILLE, TENN.

A BOOK WORTH PRESERVING

FROM BULL RUN TO APPOMATTOX

By L. W. HOPKINS
Of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's Cavalry

This is a new edition just out; 312 pages; splendid illustrations. Price $1.12, including postage.

Governor's Office, Richmond, Va.

I have read with great interest and real enjoyment your book, "From Bull Run to Appomattox." In fact, found it difficult to put it down until it was finished.

WM. HODGES MANN, Governor.

New Martinsville, W. Va.

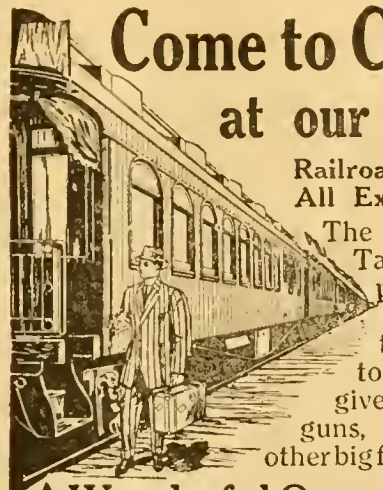
Your new book is a long-felt want in history. It is one of the most interesting books I have ever read.

J. W. McINTIRE, Attorney-at-Law.

If you have a library, you want this book. Your children and your children's children will prize it perhaps more than you will. A copy will be sent on approval to any patron of WATSON'S MAGAZINE.

HOPKINS PUBLISHING CO.
100 E. Lexington St. BALTIMORE, MD.

Come to Chicago at our expense



Railroad Fare and All Expenses Paid

The Cosmopolitan Tailoring Co., pays big profits and besides the Free Trip to Chicago, we give motorcycles, guns, watches, and other big free premiums.

A Wonderful Opportunity for One Man in Each Territory

You do not invest any money and you can make from $5 to $10 a day and you do not have to devote your entire time to the business.

We are anxious to get in touch with local agents everywhere and we want them to come to Chicago at our expense and investigate this proposition. We give you confidential prices so that you can get a suit for yourself at the wholesale price and that suit will get orders for other suits. We furnish you with everything and co-operate with you and pay express charges on all orders.

Send a postal card today for full information. We will send by return mail the line of Samples, the Latest Fashions, Order Blanks and all about the Free Trip to Chicago, and also our Big Free Profit Sharing Catalog of Premiums.

The Cosmopolitan Tailoring Co.
Dept. 47. 307-311 West Van Buren St., Chicago

TOBACCO HABIT

Conquered in 3 days.

I offer a genuine, guaranteed Remedy for tobacco or snuff habit, in 72 hours. It is mild, pleasant, strengthening. Overcomes that peculiar **nervousness** and craving for **cigarettes, cigars, pipe, chewing tobacco** or **snuff.** One man in 10 can use tobacco without apparent injury; to the other nine it is **poisonous** and seriously **injurious to health,** causing such disorders as nervous dyspepsia, **sleeplessness,** gas, belching, **gnawing,** or other uncomfortable sensation in stomach; **constipation, headache, weak eyes, loss of vigor, red spots on skin, throat irritation, asthma, bronchitis, heart failure, lung trouble, catarrh, melancholy,** neurasthenia, impotency, loss of memory and will-power, impure (poisoned) blood, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, **heartburn, torpid liver, loss of appetite,** bad teeth, **foul breath,** enervation, lassitude, **lack of ambition,** falling out of hair, baldness, and many other disorders. **It is unsafe and torturing** to attempt to cure yourself of tobacco or snuff habit by merely stopping—don't do it. The gentle, safe, agreeable way is to **eliminate the nicotine poison** from the system, strengthen the weakened, irritated membranes and nerves and genuinely overcome the craving.

STOP RUINING YOUR LIFE

BOOK FREE You can quit tobacco and enjoy yourself a thousand times better while feeling always in robust health. My FREE book tells all about the **wonderful 3 days Method.** Inexpensive, reliable. Also **Secret Remedy** for conquering habit in another **without his knowledge.** Full particulars including my **book on Tobacco and Snuff Habit** mailed in plain wrapper, **free.** Don't delay. Keep this; show to others. This adv't may not appear again. Address: **EDW. J. WOODS, 534 Sixth Ave., 936 B, New York, N. Y.**

The Arraignment

Ralph M. Thomson

Lord, who am I, and what?
  They say I am a fool,
Because, whatever be my lot,
  I do as Love may rule.

And yet how came it so?
  I've only played my part
As best I knew, in weal or woe—
  I did not make my heart!

It was not I who framed
  Into a perfect whole,
This cast of clay that, half ashamed,
  Conceals a human soul.

Nor did I ever will
  That Fate should have me nurse
This sentiment through every ill,
  At length to know its curse.

Whence came this longing, then—
  This nature most intense,
That craves, unlike the run of men,
  But love in recompense?

If mad, as some would say,
  Give me the dunce's stool;
But in all mercy, Lord, I pray,
  Remember me, a—Fool!

Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

The Story of the South and West

(Copyright by Thos. E. Watson, 1911.)

Chapter X.

IT was 109 years after the discovery of North America, by Sebastian Cabot, before England sent forth the colony that was to "make good." It was to weather all storms, brave all dangers, endure all privations, pay the penalties to the utmost of possible sacrifice, and to plant the seed of American civilization. In the main, the principles which the Jamestown settlers brought over with them in 1606, are the fundamental principles of American institutions today. In the fullest, truest sense, they, and *not* the later Puritans of New England, were The Fathers.

During the Medieval Ages men seemed mentally benumbed. The glorious literature of classic Paganism had been destroyed or concealed. The joyous note was lost from national life. The supernatural beclouded Nature. Ignorance, superstition, fear, violence, asceticism, hypocrisy, possessed the European world. It was virtuous to be dirty and to deny to oneself the innocent pleasures of existence. Especially was it meritorious and godly to prevent sinners from enjoying *themselves*. The filthier a monk was, the more to be reverenced; the less he knew about science and art, the more orthodox and trustworthy.

It was an accepted prophecy that the world was coming to an end pretty soon, anyway; and it were better to despise every earthly comfort, better to spend one's time cultivating gloom and saying one's prayers. God's beauty, displayed on mountain slope, purpling cloud, silvery waters, verdant valleys, tawny autumn woods, *might* be a snare—so gaze not upon it in rapture, lest ye forget your rosary. God's voice of melody, as heard in the voices of the streams and the forests, in the wandering serenade of wind and winding rivulet, in the laughter of children and in the lullaby of mothers, *might* be a lure—listen not unto it, but nasally chant a hymn, instead. God's impulse toward liberty—liberty of action, of thought, of speech, of harmless recreation—felt in every vein where the red blood bounds, in every throb of the electric battery that vitalizes the human frame, *might* be a contrivance of the Devil—so, you must add as much as possible to the unescapable thorns of life by denying yourself the roses!

Such was the orthodox view, during the Medieval ages. Talk about

hell! What better hell than that would any reasonable devil demand?

Almost at a bound, Europe awoke from this hideous nightmare. In literature, the revolt of the European mind against fossilized orthodoxy, is known as the Renaissance; and it is eternally significant that it broke out in Italy. When the temporal empire of the Caesars went crumbling, it was because the barbarians were beating in the frontiers, *from without*. When the spiritual empire of the successors to the Cæsars began to crumble, the revolt was from within—at her very doors.

A spirit of adventure overran the world. A new day had dawned. Old forms were cast aside. Humanity asserted itself; and human interests found expression in poetry, the drama, art and the sciences. Soldiers and sailors went forth in search of adventure and fortune. Rich men gave lavishly of their private means to have new states founded.

* * *

The king of England, at this time, was James I., son of the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots. It was he who granted the oldest of the American charters (1606), under which the vast empire of Virginia was to be divided between the London and the Plymouth companies. In 1609, the boundaries of the Southern colony (the London Company) were enlarged and defined. It was to embrace the territory 200 miles north and 200 miles south of Old Point Comfort, the mouth of James river, *and to reach up into the land, FROM SEA TO SEA.*

This was Virginia's original charter, and she held it, unchallenged at the time she went into the fatal Constitutional Convention of 1788. Therefore, it will be seen that when she ceded all of her Northwestern lands to the Union, she made the most splendidly imperial grant that any State ever relinquished. Northern historians have been slow to admit this, and have spoken sneeringly of her "doubtful title." Her title to Old Point Comfort itself was not a whit better than her title to the realm she donated to the Union. It was from these donated lands that the hosts came that wrought havoc in her cities, plains and valleys in the Sixties!

* * *

The new colony was to be governed simply—by the king. He was to appoint a council of sixteen, to sit in London. A subordinate council, appointed by the London body, was to take control in Virginia, under the king's instructions.

The Christian religion was to be preached to the Indians; lands were to descend as in England; trial by jury was secured to all persons charged with crime; and the produce of the colony was to be stored in a public depot, where an official was to apportion them out to the colonists as they were needed. This latter feature was a crude attempt at co-operation.

* * *

On the 19th of December, 1606, the three small vessels—the Discovery, the Good Speed and the Susan Constant — dropped down the Thames, "followed by prayers, and good wishes."

It was not until April, 1607, that the ships sighted land, and on this

side; and then instead of making Roanoke Island, as they had intended, they were blown into Chesapeake Bay by a storm. Indeed, the expedition was in danger of being abandoned, "for the mariners had lost their reckoning by 3 days." One of the ship's captains, Ratcliffe, "desired to bear up helm and return to England." But the sturdy chronicler, Simmonds, proceeds to tell how "God, the guider of good actions, forcing them by an extreme storm to hull all night, did drive them by His Providence to their desired port, beyond all expectations; for never had any of them seen the coast."

This is carrying the doctrine of Special Providence about as far as it can safely go. As nearly all of those voyagers perished miserably at Jamestown, and the remnant were saved by Pocahontas, the storm seems to us less beneficent than it did to worthy Mr. Simmonds.

As the ships approached the western shore of Chesapeake Bay, the storm died away; and the wearied voyagers named the place Point Comfort. Why they did not land on that ideal spot, and make it their home, is hard to understand. They went a little farther on, and landed at what is now Hampton. This is another ideal spot for a settlement, but the English did not select it. They sailed on up James river, landing here and there, to look for a suitable location, and they finally selected the possibly worst that Virginia could have furnished. In fact, it is doubtful whether a diligent search, continued for months, in the effort to discover a more unsuitable place than Jamestown could have been discovered. Even the London friends of the colony had warned them against just such a site for their new home as they now selected. It possessed almost every natural element to render it unfit for human habitation. It was surrounded on three sides by water, and lay so low that *drinking water* was not to be had save from the James river. It was subject in part to tidal overflow, on muddy, sun-baked stretches of beach. It was below the strata of pure atmosphere; and the colonists had to breathe the odors of steaming ooze, and rotting vegetable matter. Even as a place of military strength, a bold bluff would have been far more easily defended against Indians, than this swampy peninsula where the grass grew so rank that white men at their work were shot down by bowmen, who had writhed toward them as snakes do, through the dense weeds.

But the mistake was made, and the adventurers landed, May 13, 1607, on the spot which became known as Jamestown—both the river and the town being named after King James I.

It appears from some of the original narratives that the colony might have been planted at the place which they named Cape Henry (after James' oldest son) had not "five savages" assaulted the Englishmen and "hurt two of them dangerously." As there were thirty of the colonists ashore at the time, it can hardly be that "five savages" could have brought about so complete a change of plan. Doubtless, the English merely stopped there, as at Hampton, to have a look at the new country.

In a short while after their landing at Jamestown, the Virginians

had built log cabins, and had cleared some ground for cultivation. Their first church had been "a rotten old tent," with a board fastened between two trees to serve as pulpit. Soon, however, they erected the first religious edifice of America, a house of logs and boards, 60 feet long, by 24 feet wide.

And who were the Virginians? In number, the were one hundred. Of these, 54 were classed as "gentlemen;" that is, they were unused to manual work. Twelve were called "laborers;" four, carpenters; four, "boys;" one blacksmith; one sailor; one barber; one bricklayer; one mason; one tailor; one drum; one surgeon; "with divers others to the number of 100."

Among the gentlemen was George Percie, brother of the Duke of Northumberland, and direct descendant of the proud Hotspur and his turbulent father.

* * *

Sir George Newport was commander of the little fleet which bore the colonists over; but no one knew who would command the Virginia council. It had pleased King James to make a state secret of the matter, and so the names which he had caused to be selected were sealed up in a box, not to be opened until after the colonists had reached Aferica. When the secret was finally out, it was seen that the king had appointed Capt. John Smith a member of the governing council. But while the ships were at sea, Smith's "enemies" had accused him of scheming to become "the King of Virginia," and they had restrained the Captain of his liberty. Smith alleges that he was put in irons. Why it was that Smith developed "enemies" with such extraordinary promptitude, and why it was Capt. Newport should then put Smith in irons, *on his fleet,* and without his orders, are things which I cannot understand.

At all events, it does seem certain that Smith was in disfavor with the ruling element of his little band; and that he was not sworn in as a member of the council, when the others were.

Wingfield, a worthless fellow, was made President. He took no measures to fortify Jamestown—not until after some hostile Indians (not Powhatans) had attacked the settlers, killing one boy and wounding seventeen men. Then, indeed, something was done to form a breastwork against sudden flights of arrows. But the able-bodied laborers were few; some had to toil in the fields, some had to build the palisades, some had to stand guard by day; some, by night. It was a haggard time for such castle-bred gentlemen as George Percie of Castle Warwick.

After six weeks' stay, Capt. Newport decided to return to England. President Wingfield obligingly proposed to send Capt. John Smith back to the old country to stand his trial. Not so! The much-whiskered, red-headed Captain will stand his trial *right here,* in the New World! What's more—since the matter has been mentioned—the Captain suddenly remembers that he wants to be tried, *right now.* So manly and forceful is his demand, and so *fair,* besides, that Winfield does not deny it. Tried, accordingly, Smith is acquitted, *by the first jury of white men that ever sat in America.*

Not only was the accused pronounced "not guilty;" but his persecutor was mulcted in £200 damages to Smith, which the generous hero at once poured into the common treasury. (That sum was, in purchasing power, equal to at least $5,000 of our money.)

So Newport sails away, leaving the little colony to its fate. It is June 15th, 1606.

Here is a description of Jamestown and its 100 settlers at the time they were left to shift for themselves:

"The condition of the men thus left, was the most melancholy that can well be imagined. They consisted, for the most part, of men entirely unused to labor or hardship; who were doomed to encounter every kind of difficulty, in the midst of summer, in a hot and sickly climate. In ten days from the departure of Newport, scarce ten men could stand, from sickness and weakness. The food was scanty in quantity, and of the most unwholesome quality. The allowance of each man was half a pint of wheat, and as much barley, boiled in water, which was served out from a common kettle, and which having been closely stowed in the ship's hold for twenty-six weeks, in a warm and moist atmosphere, was reduced to a condition anything but tempting. Smith, the narrator of these sufferings, humorously remarks: 'If we had been as free from all sins, as from gluttony and drunkenness, we might have been canonized for saints.' As might be supposed in such an unfortunate state of affairs, great mortality prevailed, and fifty were buried between May and September; and those that survived relied principally for their subsistence upon sturgeon and sea-crabs The suffering, in this state of affairs, must have been greatly aggravated by the knowledge that the president was indulging himself in every luxury which the stores afforded—and his detection in an attempt to escape in the pinnacle, from the suffering colony. This last act of treachery was more than the little colony could endure; and weak as it was, it deposed him, and Kendall, his accomplice. Ratcliffe was made president. The council do not seem to have exercised the power granted them in their chartetr, of filling up vacancies, and it was now reduced to three—*Ratcliffe, Smith* and *Martin; Gosnold* had perished, *Newport* sailed for England, and *Wingfield* and *Kendall* had been deposed."

The Roman Catholic Hierarchy: The Deadliest Menace to Our Liberties and Our Civilization

(Copyright by Thomas E. Watson, 1911)

[For the individual Roman Catholic, who finds happiness in his faith, I have no word of unkindness. Some of my best friends are devout believers in their "Holy Father." If anything contained in the series of chapters dealing with the hierarchy causes them pain, and alienates their good will, I shall deplore it.

The Roman Catholic ORGANIZATION is the object of my profoundest detestation—NOT the belief of THE INDIVIDUAL.]

Chapter XV.

SUPPOSE that you *knew* there was a sort of near-hell, in which the souls of the near-damned were writhing in flames; and suppose you *knew* that your prayers could save these tortured souls; would you, *immediately, and gratuitously,* pray those suffering souls out of their torment; *or would you wait until somebody produced your price and paid you for your prayers?* If nobody offered you the money that you demanded, would you then virtually say to those souls in torment, "Go to hell!" Or would you, *out of Christian sympathy,* pray them into salvation?

I wonder how many Roman Catholics ever thought of Purgatory in *that* way?

The Romanist priests *know* that there is a sort of ante-Chamber to hell. They *know* that souls are detained in this near-hell—souls not quite wicked enough to be delivered to the Devil, but not quite saintly enough for Heaven. The priests *know* which souls go straight to hell; those that go to Heaven; and those that are held up, in Purgatory. Not only do they know what souls are agonizing there, but they know just how many masses must be said to secure their release, so they pretend.

How can intelligent Roman Catholics fail to see what a horrible thing it is for the priests to refuse to save those tortured souls, voluntarily, immediately, and *gratuitously?* The position of the priest is this:

"I know that the soul of your father (or mother, or child, or husband, or wife) is in the flames of Purgatory; I know that a certain number of masses will be its salvation; I can say those masses, which will only cost me my breath; *but I refuse to rescue this lost soul unless I am paid cash, in advance, at so much per mass.*"

How much Christian spirit is there in a position like that? How much Christianity is there in a priesthood which, by deeds that speak louder than words, proclaims to the world—

"We could instantly throw open the portals of Purgatory and snatch every one of its brands from the burning. We could gladden our Lord and His angels with the multitude of lost sheep returned to the fold; we could give eternal bliss to countless souls who are doomed to

everlasting pain—*but we won't do it, unless we are paid our price, IN MONEY.*"

Great God! That such a preposterous proposition should win countenance and support, *in America!* You'd think that a priest, *whose calling is to save souls,* would be ashamed to occupy such a position. You'd think that *he,* like the Savior, would make the sacrifice to save lost souls, *instead of compelling laymen to do it.* You'd think that the priest would have a profounder commiseration for the tortured soul than any layman could possibly have. You'd think he would realize that *his* position justified the rational conclusion, that *Purgatory is an invisible Papal estate of which imperceptible parcels are sold to dupes who have been carefully educated out of their common sense.*

How can a priest know which souls were halted in Purgatory? How can a priest know how many masses will effect a deliverance? How can a priest know *when* the imprisoned spirit is released, and sent its Heavenward way, rejoicing? And why is it that one priest will put the number and price of the required masses at one figure, and another priest, at another? When priests differ on a point like that, who is to detect the error?

Sir Hiram Maxim relates an incident which occurred in Ireland:

A well-to-do Catholic died, leaving a will, in which a Protestant was named executor. There was a bequest for the masses to be said for the repose of the testator's soul. On publication of the will, the local priest promptly called on the Executor, and demanded £100 (about $484) for the saying of the masses. The executor asked the priest how many masses would be necessary in that case. The priest named the number. The executor deferred the matter, telling the priest to return in two weeks. Grumbling, the priest departed. At the end of two weeks, he returned and renewed the demand. The executor blandly explained that he had, in the interval, applied to Rome, where the masses had been said for £20—about $96.80. Papers, duly signed and sealed at the Vatican, proved the executor's statement. There was nothing for the greedy priest to do but scowl, and take himself off. By getting the benefit of competition, the executor saved the estate more than $400. *In the sale of NOTHING,* sharp competition is inevitable among sellers. The supply being inexhaustible, the demand unlimited, the cost of production nil, and the delivering of the goods *taken for granted,* the conditions are ideal for the most lively competition among the sellers—they being innumerable, perpetual and insatiable.

* * *

Suppose that it can be proved to your satisfaction that the doctrine of Purgatory was an article of ancient pagan faith, that it was a belief among the Greeks and the Romans, two thousand years befor Christ—what will be your verdict as to the Roman Catholic Purgatory? Suppose that it can be shown, furthermore, that the Jews borrowed this idea from the older religions, and acknowledged an intermediate state, between Heaven and hell, lasting one year after death?

In 1742, there was published, in London, a ponderous volume entitled "An Historical Dictionary of

all Religions, from the Creation of the World to the Present Time." It's author was Thomas Broughton, A. M. Following the custom of that day, he did not publish his expensive volume until he had secured a sufficient number of subscribers to it—meaning of course those who would purchase copies. On this list, I notice the names of the celebrated Horace Walpole; also the Duke of Marlborough, the Bishop of London, the Duke of Leeds; Rev. Howard, Chaplain to the Prince of Wales; the Bishop of Bristol, and numerous scholars and divines of the highest distinction. It is a fair inference, therefore, that the author of the book was regarded as eminently qualified to handle his vast subject.

The work has long been out of print; but I was fortunate enough to locate a copy in Canada, and it is before me as I write.

On page 297, of Part 2nd, we come upon—

"*PURGATORY.* By this word, Divines understand the state of those souls, which having departed out of this life without expiating certain offenses or impurities, which do not merit eternal damnation, and not having undergone the punishment due to their sins, are supposed to suffer certain punishments inflicted on them in the intermediate State, before they are admitted to the enjoyment of the happiness of heaven. This notion was held by Pagans, Jews, Christians and Mohammedans."

Now, observe that the pure doctrine was that the sinful soul in Purgatory *must itself suffer punishment,* before being admitted to Paradise. It had had the opportunity to repent and obtain pardon, *while on earth.* Failing in this, the soul must suffer and the sins be expiated, *by punishment,* as a condition preceded to salvation. There is no hint that the prayres of the living can avail those who refused to secure, on earth, the forgiveness of their sins.

Continuing, the author of the comprehensive "Dictionary" states:

"A Purgatory (i. e. *Purification*) of the soul, after death, was one of the tenets of platonic philosophy, as it is thus beautifully explained by Virgil:

'Nor death itself can wholly wash their stains;
But long contracted filth ev'n in the soul remains.
The relics of inveterate vice they wear,
And spots of sin obscene in every face appear.
For this are various penances enjoined;
And same are hung to bleach upon the wind;
Some plunged in water, others purged in fires;
'Till all the dregs are drained and all the rust expires.
All have their Manes, and those Manes bear;
A few, so cleansed, to the abodes repair,
And breathe, in ample field, the soft Elysian air.
Then are they happy, when, by length of time,
The scurf is worn away of each committed crime.
No speck is left, of their habitual stains,
But the pure ether of the soul remains.'"

Virgil, the prince of Roman poets, flourished half-a-century before Christ; Plato, the Grecian philosopher, developed his system 350 years before the first Christian church was founded.

It will be remarked, that in the Platonic Pugatory, as described by Virgil, there is absolutely no escape from the *purification.* The soul itself must be cleaned of stain—*by wind, or water, or fire.* The time for *vicarious* atonement was passed; the sinner must pay his penalty.

The Jews—an Eastern people, imbued with Eastern superstitions—believed in a Purgatory, limited to twelve months. In the books of the Rabbins (according to Broughton's Dictionary) are several stories of people in Purgatory, and of their rescue, which resemble in naive simplicity, the folk-lore tales of the Orient, and "Little Red Riding-Hood," "Cinderella's Slipper," "Jack the Giant-Killer," and "Alice in Wonderland." They were written at a time when the Israelites believed the world was flat; and that it was a sin for a priest to trim his hair.

While it seems to be true that the Jews believed in prayers for the dead, it is equally true that anybody interested in the departed could say these prayers, and that nobody paid for them.

Next, let us see what the followers of Mahomet believe, in this matter of Purgatory.

I qnote again, from Broughton's Dictionary:

"The orthodox Mohammedans believe that men are judged immediately after their death, and that the wicked are tormented, before the general resurrection, in their graves." But Mohamet can save them at the last day. This intermediate punishment is the Purgatory; and no earthly prayer can save them from it. But there is another form of the Mohammedan Purgatory:

"Between the happy and the damned there is a veil or separation; and upon the Araf there are men, or angels in the shape of men, who know every one that is in that place by the marks which they bear." (Koran.)

The Mohammedans believe that the souls detained upon the Araf have not merit enough to enter Paradise, nor demerits enough to carry them to hell. On the day of judgment, they will be summoned before their Creator, will prostrate themselves in adoration and will thus acquire merit which, outweighing the demerits, passes them in among the sheep.

Here, too, there isn't the faintest intimation that these souls in probation can be saved by mortal supplication. They are in the supernatural world, beyond the reach of the natural, and only the grace of Jehovah can pardon their transgressions.

The sordid, shameless, monstrous doctrine, that nobody but a priest can liberate these wretched captives and that *he* will not relieve their agony and save their souls, *until his itching palm is crossed with silver,* is confined to the Roman hierarchy. No other "church" was ever so amazingly callous as to take the position that it *can* liberate all the tortured souls in Purgatory, but *won't,* unless lavishly hired to do it!

* * *

Is there warrant for Purgatory, in the Bible?

It must be admitted that the Jews offered prayers for the dead; but any Jew could do so. The practice was not restricted to the priesthood. There was no ritual on the subject; and the practice never became institutional. Prayers for the dead were not obligatory. They could be said, or left unsaid, at the option of those concerned about the deceased. The underlying faith was that the deceased, detained in Purgatory, would work himself out, whether prayed for, or not. Sure of this fact his relatives generally left the departed to paddle his own canoe, as it were, while they themselves minded their own business.

But how about the New Testament? What about Lazarus, in Abraham's bosom? The Lazarus of that particular passage is a type, not an individual. Dives is a type, not a person. "Abraham's bosom," is a figure of speech, meaning Heaven. If it does not mean *just that,* then the beautiful allegory of Christ becomes ridiculous.

Lazarus is the poor man, friendless, homeless, hungry afflicted, depised of men. Dives is the rich man, surrounded by all the luxuries of life, wallowing in them, heedless of the suffering humanity at his gate, heedless of duties and responsibilities.

They both go the way of the flesh, and another world receives them both. Where is Dives? In hell. Where is Lazarus? In "Abraham's bosom."

The Romanists contend that the "bosom," *was Purgatory!* .. ....

But Purgatory is a place of torment, of unquenchable fire, where souls are roasted, for a thousand years, unless the priest is paid to get them out.

If "Abraham's bosom" means Purgatory, how did Abraham fall into it? And if it was a place of burning souls, why was Lazarus felicitated upon being there? Why did Abraham, in the midst of the cruel flames, say to Dives, in effect:

"See where the good Lazarus is resting in comfort; had you lived right, in the other world, your present position would be as happy as that of Lazarus!"

But how could Abraham have said that, if his soul was frying and broiling, in Purgatory?

And how could Dives envy Lazarus, if they were both in torment?

It must be apparent to all unprejudiced readers that Christ's allegory would be meaningless, and even absurd, if we do *not* make "Abraham's bosom" to mean Paradise.

* * *

The Gypsy woman playing upon the ignorance and credulity of the house-maid, has her palm crossed with silver, and then tells the poor dupe that a handsome young man, rich and high-born, will be smitten by the house-maid's beauty; will sue for her hand; will lead her to the altar, and that the lovers will live happily, ever after.

If a policeman should happen to see the performance, he would arrest the Gypsy, lug her off to jail; and give against her, at her trial, the evidence which will send her into punishment as a common cheat and swindler.

If some Theosophist—like the late Helen Wilmans—plies her trade, claiming to cure people of every conceivable ailment, without medi-

cine, surgery, or personal view of the case, all the machinery of the Federal Government will be employed to ruin her business and punish her as a criminal. Because she practised on the blind credulity of her patrons, claiming to cure them by the *absent treatment,* the U. S. mails were closed to her, a criminal prosecution was begun, and the prosecution was never stopped until she and her husband (C. C. Post) were bankrupted, and practically hounded to death!

They created the ideally beautiful city of Sea Breeze, on the Atlantic coast of Florida—their dream of *the Life Beautiful* not being disturbed by any apprehension that vindictive enemies would enter that earthly Eden, and drive them beyond the gates of happiness.

Helen Wilmans was doing what the Faith-curists still do, what the Christian Scientists do, what the Romanist priests do.

Only, *Helen Wilmans did not place her patients in the ante-room of hell, before applying the "ABSENT TREATMENT."*

In Philadelphia there is a Romanist seminary ("The Mount Moriah") over the front gate of which appeared the inscription:

"O! HOW I SUFFER IN THESE FLAMES, AND YOU WILL NOT RELEASE ME."

This appeal is supposed to come from a soul in Purgatory. The priests put these words into the mouth of a spirit undergoing the torments of the fires of hell's antechamber. The appeal is addressed —to whom?

To the priests who claim to have the power to deliver the soul from those flames? No. The cry for help is addressed to those who have not the power to pray the tortured spirit out of its agony, but who have the money which will move the priest. Without the cash, in advance, the soul in Purgatory may continue to fry and roast and broil, for centuries, so far as the priest cares.

The queer thing is, that the Romanists do not realize what a horrible light their faith and practice, as to Purgatory, puts their Papa and his priests in.

Christ came to save sinners; the Pope is His Vice-gerent on earth; the Pope's mission is to aid souls in getting to heaven; he and his priests could open wide the doors of Purgatory, and say to the souls in torment —"Come forth, ye sufferers by fire! Come out of those flames and that despair! Behold the pearly gates, where Peter stands with the keys! Wing your way Heavenward! Enter into the joys of our Redeemer! Christ yearns to receive you! The angels are ready to peal forth their ecstatic Hallelujah! With all ye tortured souls redeemed and sent into the New Jerusalem, there will be such a joyful day in Paradise as has not been known there since the Son returned to the Father!"

That's the orthodox Roman Catholic faith. The Papa and his priests have *the power* to gladden God, gladden the angels, gladden myriads of souls in anguish. But, having this power, they refuse to gladden God, gladden the angels, and gladden the imprisoned souls, *until the money is forthcoming, from their lay brethren!*

Could any position be more foreign to Christianity? Could any doctrine be more revolting to common humanity?

An earthly king, coming to his throne, or celebrating some anniversary, honors the day by throwing open the jails and releasing all political prisoners—*those who have offended the king.* One of the favorite pictures of the Napoleonic regime, represents the young conqueror, on the day after he became Consul, liberating those whom the revolution had confined to prisons. He rode to the Temple himself, ordered the heavy doors thrown open, ordered the immediate release of every man and woman in the prison. He remained there until he saw his commands obeyed—remained until the prisoners streamed forth, into the blessed day-light, with cries of joy and gratitude—remained there until his hands had been fervently kissed, the neck of his horse embraced—drinking as pure a joy as he was ever to know.

Wouldn't you think—O, wouldn't you think! that if Christ's vicegerent had one iota of Christ's compassionate spirit, the souls in purgatorial imprisonment and torture would be called from darkness and suffering into light and happiness, without any sordid consideration?

There never was a more shocking proposition committed to language than this:

"I, the priest, have the power to transform myriads of tortured souls into radiant angels; but I will not do it, unless I am paid to do it—altho' I am a disciple of Jesus Christ and it is my calling to save souls! Unless I am paid my price, those tortured souls shall burn forever!"

Deserted

Isabel S. Mason

A footfall paused at my broken gate,
The storm was wild and the night was late,
The fire was out in the rusty grate.
And my heart was sore with yearning.

For days I had looked from East to West,
While I nursed my hope at a famished breast.
But the spectre Shame reared up his crest,
And the whole world fell to spurning.

I hungered, but none had given meat.
I wept, and none had stayed to greet.
And the stones they cast had cut my feet
On the path that knows no turning.

When I heard the step my heart beat high,
For I knew that Death was passing by;
And we went to meet him, my babe and I,
As the gray dawn turned to burning.

The Crusades; The Fall of Constantinople, A. D. 1296

(From the History of the Crusades Against the Turks)

THE Greeks, fully occupied in guarding their ramparts, had no suspicion of the designs of the enemy. They could not comprehend what could be the cause or the object of all the tumult that was heard during the whole night from the sea-shore, until the dawn of day showed them the Mussulman standards floating in their port.

We naturally here inquire what resistance was made by the vessels which guarded the iron chain, and by those which had entered the port after having dispersed the Ottoman fleet. We may suppose that every warrior who had fought in the Christian ships was then employed in defending the ramparts of the city; or, it is probable, that the part of the gulf in which the Turkish ships descended, was not deep enough to be accessible to large vessels. However this may have been, the Mussulmans lost no time in taking advantage of their success. Scarcely were the Turkish boats launched, when a multitude of workmen were busily engaged in constructing floating batteries on the same spot where the Venetians made their last assault in the fifth crusade.

This bold enterprise, carried out with such audacity and success, spread trouble and consternation among the besieged. They made several attempts to burn the fleet and destroy the works the enemy had begun; but they in vain had recourse to the Greek fire, which had so often saved Constanitnople from the attacks of the barbarians. Forty of their most intrepid warriors, betrayed by their imprudent valor, and perhaps also by the Genoese, fell into the hands of the Turks, and a death amidst tortures was the reward of their generous devotion.

Constantine used reprisals, and exposed the heads of seventy of his captives upon the ramparts. This mode of making war announced that the combatants no longer listened to anything but the inspirations of despair or the furies of vengeance. The Mussulmans, who daily received supplies of all kinds, prosecuted the siege without intermission. The certainty of victory redoubled their ardour; Constantinople was assaulted on several sides at once, and the garrison, already weakened by the conflicts and labours of a long siege, were obliged to divide their forces to defend all the points attacked.

The repairs of the fortifications on the side of the port had been neglected. Towards the west, several of the towers, particularly that of St. Romanus, were falling into ruins. In this almost desperate situation, what was, if possible, still more deplorable, the garrison of Byzantium was possessed by the spirit of discord. Violent debates arose between the grand dukes Notares and Justiniani, who commanded the Genoese troops. The Venetians and the Genoese were several times on the point of coming to blows; and yet history can scarcely point out the subjects of these unfortunate quarrels. Such was the blindness produced by the spirit of jeolousy, or rather by despair, that in this chosen band of warriors, who were every day sacrificing their lives in the noble cause they had embraced, it was not uncommon to hear mutual accusations of cowardice and treachery.

Constantine endeavoured to appease them; and himself, always calm in the midst of discord, appeared to be actuated by no other feeling than a love of country and a thirst for glory. The character he exhibited when surrounded

by dangers, ought to have procured him the confidence and the affection of the people; but the turbulent and seditious spirit of the Greeks, and the vanity of their disputes would not permit them to appreciate true greatness. They reproached Palæologus with misfortunes which were not his work, and which his virtue alone could have repaired. They accused him of completing the ruin of an empire which all the world abandoned, and which he alone was willing to defend. They not only no longer respected the authority or the intentions of the prince; but every one who was exalted either by rank or character, became an object of reprobation or mistrust. By a consequence of that restless spirit which, in public disorders, urges the multitude to seek obscure supports, certain predictions, fully credited by the people, announced that the city of the Cæsars could only be saved by a miserable mendicant, in whose hand God would place the sword of his wrath.

As the day of their great calamities approached, the congregations of the churches proportionately increased. The image of the holy Virgin, the patroness of Constantinople, was solemnly exhibited, and carried in procession through the streets. These pious ceremonies, doubtless, presented something edifying, but they did not inspire the bravery necessary for the defence of a country and a religion in extreme danger; and Heaven, amidst the perils of war, did not listen to the prayers of an unarmed and trembling people.

During the siege, capitulation had been several times spoken of. Mahomet required that the capital of an empire, of which he already possessed all the provinces, should be given up to him, and he would permit the Greeks to retire with their treasures. Palæologus was willing to consent to pay a tribute, but he would not give up Constantinople. At length, in a last message, the sultan threatened to immolate the Greek emperor with his family, and scatter his captive people throughout the earth, if he persisted in defending the city. Mahomet offered his enemy a principality in the Peloponnesus; Constantine rejected this proposition, and preferred a glorious death. From that moment peace was no more mentioned, and Byzantium was left to the chances of an implacable war.

The sultan announced to the army an approaching general assault; the wealth of Constantinople, the captives, the Greek women, were to be the rewards of the valour of the soldiers; he for himself, only reserved the city and the edifices. To add religious enthusiasm to that of war, dervises pervaded the ranks of the Ottoman army, exhorting the soldiers to purify their bodies by ablutions, and their souls by prayer; and promising the delights of paradise to the defenders of the Mussulman faith. At the end of the day, great fires, lighted by the orders of the sultan, spread a lurid splendour over all the shores of the sea, from the point of Galata to the Golden Gate. The Ottoman emperor then appeared in the midst of his army, promising again the plunder of Byzantium to his soldiers; and, to render his promise more solemn, he swore to it *by the soul of Amurath, by four thousand prophets, by his children, and lastly by his cimeter.* The whole army burst forth in exclamations of joy, and repeated several times: *God is God, and Mohamet is the messenger of God.* When this warlike ceremony was finished, the sultan ordered, under pain of death, that profound silence should be observed throughout the camp; and from that moment nothing was to be heard around Constantinople but the confused tumult of an army in which everything was in motion, preparing for a terrible and decisive combat.

In the city, the garrison kept watch upon the ramparts, and observed with anxiety the movements of the Ottoman

army. They had heard with affright the noisy exclamations of the Turks; but the sudden silence which followed them redoubled their alarm. The light from the enemy's fires was reflected from the summits of the towers and from the domes of the churches, and rendered the darkness which covered the city more awful. Constantinople, in which the labours of industry and all the ordinary cares of life were suspended, was plunged in a profound calm, which, however, afforded neither sleep nor repose to any one; it was the dismal aspect of a city which some great scourge has rendered desolate. Only around the temples some few plaintive sounds were heard, imploring with the voice of prayer the mercy of heaven. Already might the words of the Persian poet be applied to that unfortunate city, which the conqueror repeated on the morrow in the pride of his triumph: *The spider silently spins his web beneath the roofs of the palaces, and the bird of darkness utters his mournful cries upon the towers of Efrasiab.*

Constantine called together the principal leaders of the garrison to deliberate upon the dangers which threatened the empire. In a pathetic discourse, he endeavoured to revive the courage and the hopes of his companions in arms; speaking to the Greeks of patriotism, and to the Latin auxiliaries of religion and humanity, he exhorted them all to have patience, but above all to preserve concord. The warriors who were present at this last council, listened to the emperor in melancholy silence; they did not dare to interrogate each other upon the means of defence, which all knew to be useless. They embraced each other with tears, and returned to the ramparts, filled with the most sinister forebodings.

The emperor entered the church of St. Sophia, where he received the sacrament of the communion; the sadness which was observable on his countenance, the pious humility with which he solicited forgetfulness of injuries, pardon for his faults, the touching words which he addressed to the people, which resembled eternal adieus, redoubled the general consternation. The sun of the last day of the Roman empire arose; it was the 29th of May; the signal for assault was given to the Turkish army before dawn; the multitude of Mussulman soldiers rushed towards the walls of the city. The attack was made at the same time on the side of the port, and near the gate of St. Romanus. In the first charge, the assailants everywhere met with firm resistance; the Catalans and the Genoese did all that the courage of Franks could effect. Palæologus fought at the head of the Greeks, and the sight alone of the imperial banner filled the Ottoman soldiers with terror. Three hundred archers from the isle of Crete, sustained gloriously the ancient renown of the Cretans for their skill with the bow. Among this brave band it is but just to point out Cardinal Isidorus, who had caused the fortifications he was charged to protect to be repaired at his own expense, and who fought till the end of the siege, at the head of the soldiers he had brought from Italy. History likewise owes great praise to the monks of St. Basil, who had no doubt adopted the party of the union, and whose valour and glorious death expiated the blind and fatal obstinacy of the Byzantine clergy.

The historian Phrantza compares the close ranks of the Mussulmans to an extended tightened cord, which might have been placed around the city. The towers which defended the gate St. Romanus crumbled away beneath the blows of the rams and the discharges of the Ottoman artillery. The exterior walls were carried; the dead and the wounded, confounded with the ruins, filled up the ditches. And yet upon this horrible field of battle the defend-

ers of Byzantium fought still; nothing could weary their constancy, nothing could shake their courage.

After two hours of frightful conflict, Mahomet advanced with his chosen troops and ten thousand janissaries. He appeared in the midst of them, with his mace in his hand, like an angel of destruction; his threatening looks animated the ardour of his soldiers, and he pointed out to them by his gestures the points that were to be attacked. Behind the battalions he led, a troop of those men whom despotism charges with the execution of its vengeance, punished or constrained all who wished to fly, and forced them forward to the carnage. The dust which arose from the steps of the combatants, with the smoke of the artillery, covered both the army and the city The clang of the trumpets, the crash of the ruins, the explosion of the cannons, and the shock of arms completely drowned the voices of the leaders. The janissaries fought in disorder; and Constantine, who had remarked it, was exhorting his soldiers to make one last effort, when the aspect of the fight became all at once changed. Justinian having been struck by an arrow, the pain of the wound was so intense as to force him to quit the field of battle. The Genoese and most of the Latin auxiliaries followed his example. The Greeks, left alone, are soon overwhelmed by numbers; the Turks pass the ramparts, get possession of the towers, and break open the gates. Constantine fought still; but soon, covered with wounds, he fell among the heap of dead, and Constantinople was without a head and without defenders.

What a spectacle is that of an empire which has but one moment of existence left, and which is about to finish amidst the furies of war, and beneath the sword of barbarians! All at once every tie of society is broken; religion, patriotism, nature have no longer laws that can be invoked; even wisdom and experience can yield none but useless counsels. All the ascendancy and splendour of virtue, genius, or even valour, have no longer power to distinguish or protect the citizens. Those magnificent palaces which constituted the pride of princes, nobody possesses them now. Among all the numerous edifices of a great capital, no one can find an asylum or an abode. The city has no longer warriors or magistrates, nobles or plebians, poor or rich; the whole population is but a troop of slaves, who await with terror the presence of an irritated master. Such was Constantinople at the moment the conquerors were preparing to enter it.

When some of those who had defended the ramparts retreated into the city, announcing the coming of the Turks, they could not obtain belief; when the Turkish battlaions came pouring in, the people, says the Greek historian Ducas, "were half dead with fear, and could scarcely breathe." The multitude rushed about the streets, without knowing whither to go, and uttering piercing cries. Women, children and old people flocked to the churches, as if the altars of Christ could prove an asylum against the savage disciples of Mahomet!

It is not our task to describe the disasters which followed the taking of Constantinople. The massacre of the unarmed inhabitants, the city given up to pillage, holy places profaned, virgins and matrons overwhelmed with outrages, an entire population loaded with chains; such are the horrible pictures that are to be found in the annals of the Turks, the Greeks, and the Latins. Such was the fate of that city which frequent revolutions had covered with ruins, and which became at length the ridicule and prey of a nation it had long despised. If there be anything consolatory amidst so many distressing scenes, it is the virtue of Constantine, who would not survive his country, and whose death was the last glory of the empire of the East.

When we consider the weakness of the Greek empire and the power of its enemies, we are astonished it was able to resist so long. The Ottomans were governed by all the passions which favour conquests; the Greeks had not one of the qualities which are useful in defence; to be convinced of this, we have but to see how the two nations acted. When Mahomet proclaimed his enterprise, the Ottomans flocked to his army from all parts of his empire; whilst at the first report of the siege, a great part of the population of Constantinople deserted the city. We have seen that the dervises encouraged the Mussulman soldiers, and held up to them the war against the Greeks as a holy war. The Greek priests, on the contrary, discouraged the defenders of Byzantium, and were not far from considering the resistance of Constantine as a sacriligeous action. During the assaults made upon the imperial city, the Turkish sildiers, to fill up the ditches, cast into them their tents and their baggage, preferring victory to all they possessed. It is well known that at the same time the richest Greeks were employed in burying their wealth, preferring treasures to patriotism. We could add other remarkable features, but these quite sufficiently show on which side the strength was. What most strongly foretold the ruin of Byzantium, was the small degree of confidence the Greeks had in the duration of their empire. Never did the ancient Romans more clearly show the power and ascendancy of their patriotism, than when they designated Rome, *the eternal city*. Constantinople saw the number of its defenders diminish, and their courage became weaker, in proportion with the facility with which the sinister predictions of it approaching ruin found credit among the people.

When Byzantium, at the beginning of the thirteenth centry, fell into the hands of the Latins, the empire still possessed great means of defence, and yet twenty thousand Crusaders achieved the conquest of it; which places the valour of the Franks above that of the Turks. This would perhaps be the best place to examine what was the influence of the crusades over the destiny of the empire of the East. In the first expedition of the Latins, Asia Minor was delivered from the Turks, who were already masters of Nice, and threatened Constantinople; but the Crusaders sold the services they had rendered at too high a price; on the one part, violence, on the other, perfidy, disturbed the harmony that ought to have subsisted between the Greeks and the Latins. At length the taking of Constantinople by the Franks was a mortal blow to the empire of Byzantium. Amidst the war, schism became enlarged by hatred; and schism, in its turn, doubled the reciprocal hatred. This division favoured the progress of the Turks, and opened the gates of Constantinople to them.

What is most unfortunate in the conquest of the Ottomans is, that they preserved nothing, not even the name of Byzantium. The barbarians who overthrew the empire of the West, adopted the religion and manners of the conquered nations; which, by degrees, caused the traces of invasion and conquest to disappear. The Turks, on the contrary, were resolved to make the Koran triumph wherever they carried their arms. As soon as they were masters of Constantinople, the altars of Christ were overturned, and everything changed with religion. The city of Constantine became more widely than ever separated from Christendom; and as it was for the infidels the gate of the West, Christian Europe, which during nearly three centuries had sent its fleets and its armies into Asia, had reason at last to tremble for itself. From that period crusades took a new character, and were nothing but defensive wars.

Pecos, the Peeler

B. M. Bower

THE prairies were brown and drenched; the sky a slaty sieve through which dripped water without a break. A west wind drove the rain-lines slantwise to the east, and the wild range cattle humped their backs to it miserably and sought scant shelter in the deepest coulees. The hill-tops and high levels were but sodden, desolate wastes whereon no living thing moved.

Of the Four-Eleven riders, all were dry and content save the horsewrangler; and he, huddled in his yellow slicker and with his hat-brim dripping like the eaves of a house, was sitting, humped in his saddle, unhappily counting the hours till the misery of the nighthawk.

In the bed tent men were sprawled comfortably and ungracefully, "telling it scarey"—which, being interpreted, means the relation of fearsome adventures in the wild, and of neck-threatening rides on untamed steeds; of mishaps dire and triumphs sweet.

"Up at the Happy Heart," Delaney began, "there was a broncho-peeler named Pecos Smith working for the outfit; a big-mouthed son-of-a-gun, but he sure could ride. I seen him get let down on his face good and plenty, one time, though—and it sure done me a heap uh good."

Noisy Jim, sitting cross-legged on the ground, a hand-glass propped against his knees and his face belathered till his own grandmother couldn't have thought him pretty, wiped his razor carefully on a two-weeks-old newspaper.

"Our friend of the Happy Heart has an incident to relate," he remarked. "If any among you has any objection to the telling, let him speak now, or forever hold his peace. You won't have a chance when he gets fairly started." Then he added as an afterthought, "You needn't believe him, unless you choose."

Delaney pulled his tobacco sack shut with his teeth and grinned. "I call your bluff," he said cheerfully. "I wasn't hurting t' tell it—but now, yuh got to 'come listen to my song.'"

"An' I won't detain yuh long," murmured Spider from the roll of bedding where he lay unbeautifully coiled.

"You shut up," Delaney told him bluntly, with the unceremoniousness of a close friend. "This here tale uh woe that I'm about t' punish yuh with is straight goods and all romancing barred."

"Same as ghost stories," Spider cut in rashly.

Noisy Jim raised his eyes from his own reflection, and his razor hand poised six inches from his jaw. "Did somebody mention ghosts?" he queried mildly, and Spider's face turned red.

"As I was about to say," Delaney went on, "this Pecos could sure enough drag it out of 'em, but he was too darn well aware of the fact, and he was dead anxious t' have everyone else wise to it—which would spoil the best rider living, t' my notion.

"I guess you've heard me speak uh Dolly Bridgeman, the old man's cousin, that was stopping at the ranch. She belonged over in the Graburn Basin country, where her dad had a horse ranch, and she was over at the Happy Heart on account uh being stuck on a fellow her folks was down on. They thought, I guess, girls is like calves; yuh can wean 'em in about a week uh separation from the man they want."

"Say, is this a love tale?" Spider wanted to know.

Delaney gave no heed. "Well, she'd quit bawling and gone t' eating hay, so t' speak, and I guess every puncher on the ranch cherishing some hopes, on the quiet, uh making her forget she ever felt bad about any fellow but him. She was a mighty nice little girl, all right—the kind any man on God's green earth ud be proud t' get his loop on. An' I guess Pecos had a bigger dose uh loco than any of us—at any rate, he acted the fool a heap worse.

"So the way it began, we was riding past the house one day, and Dolly was standing out on the porch, and she gave us all the glad smile, same as she was in the habit uh doing when she met any of us; she was that kind, you see—always nice and pleasant to a fellow, whether she thought anything uh him or not.

"Well, Pecos was for absorbing the hull smile for himself, individual; he takes his hat clean off his head and swipes it down along past his knee, and like t' knocked his brains out on the saddle-horn, bowing so emphatic.

"He was riding a little paint—a high-strung, n e r v o u s - dispositioned horse named Spotted Dog—but gentle, if he was treated halfway white. But he hadn't been brought up in no dancing school, so he kind o' mistook Pecos' intentions. He thought, I guess, that Pecos was handing out insults to him, intead uh politeness to Miss Dolly. Anyway, he side-stepped a little, same as any high-tempered horse would—but nothing t' speak of; just snorted and danced off sideways a few steps. But Pecos, he was thinking t' make a pretty ride for Dolly t' see, and like a fool he jabbed his spurs into Spotted Dog, and swiped him over the head kind o' savage, and old Spotted Dog turned it on sudden. Next Pecos was aware of he was spread-eagling toward Miss Dolly, and her standing there, serious and sympathetic on the outside of her face, and laughing fit t' kill down deep in her eyes. A girl that's raised on a horse ranch can pretty near tell when there's any call for a man t' fight his horse." Delaney had let his cigarette grow cold, and stopped to light up again.

"That was a mighty long prelude for such a brief warble," Spider sighed. "I come blame near growing interested."

"I'll thank yuh t' stand back till I get through," Delaney retorted. "Pecos, he picks himself up, oozing anger out of his pores, he was so mad. Spotted Dog was standing there, looking at Pecos over his shoulder, kind o' surprised and reproachful, like my old dad used to look just when he was about t' cut loose with a strap. But Pecos, I guess, never was interviewed out in the woodshed by his dad—anyway, he couldn't seem t' recognize the signs. He walked up and got hold uh the reins, and stepped up on him again, with blood in his eye—and considerable around in the vicinity of his nose, if I remember correctly.

"To my knowledge, Spotted Dog had never dropped a man before, and after that one 'it-hurts-me-worse-than-it-does-you' look, he made me think of a kid when he first finds out he can whistle a tune. It like t' tickled him t' death, just t' show he could. Pecos limbered up with his quirt and raked him along the ribs, and Spotted Dog got busy without any preliminaries. Glory to goodness, how he did pitch! It took him just about forty-nine seconds t' make Pecos eat dirt again—and he couldn't say that time was a fluke, either: he just naturally got throwed down, and no umpire on earth could holler 'foul.'

"Us boys led Spotted Dog back t' the corral and turned him loose, and Pecos limped off for the bunk-house and laid up for repairs, thinking, I reckon, 'Vanity, vanity'—What's the rest uh that, Noisy?"

"All is vanity," supplied Noisy in

fragments, on account of shaving his chin at the moment.

"Oh! all right. Well, we had our little fun about it that day, when he wasn't present, and we concluded we wouldn't throw it into him much about it, seeing he'd got all that was coming to him. But, glory to goodness! we hadn't more than hit the bunk-house, that night, before Pecos rolled over and commenced belly-aching about it, and saying Spotted Dog couldn't be rode by no mortal man, and he was a sure-enough outlaw, and all that kind uh foolishness.

"Some uh the boys was for sanctioning all those remarks, for Spotted Dog sure had some unchristian specialties in his—for a beginner. But Pecos made me so darn tired I rose up in meeting and offered to bet him ten dollars Cypress Kid could top him off straight up, and with quirt a-swinging.

"Well, say, you'd ought to 'a' seen Pecos! He sure took himself serious, and he wasn't for having no rivals in the broncho-peeling business. His article uh faith was what he couldn't ride was no use wasting leather on. His eyes fair got glassy, and he lifted up on his elbow and raised my ante forty dollars!

"Well, say, I swallowed air fast, for a minute! I hadn't started in with no fifty dollars' worth of enthusiasm for Cypress Kid, for I hadn't never so much as laid eyes on him; all I knowed about was heresay, and a man's rep generally gets plenty uh trimming up, amongst his loyal admirers, and it ain't the safest thing in the world t' gamble on.

"But I said it was a go—and then Pecos was about as unhappy as me, I reckon. We was both of us running whizzers, and we was both too darn ornery t' let go.

"So we talked big medicine a while, and I seen I was sure in for it. So we frames up a letter—what d'yuh call them kind everybody has a whack at, and then makes a wheel out uh their names, Noisy?"

"A round robin?" Noisy Jim suggested.

"That there's the bird. Pecos states his case pretty warlike—for a man with the peeling off half his anatomy, t' say nothing of other disablements—and Curly Landers butts in with a few remarks, and the rest all takes a whirl. By the time they'd relieved their minds, they'd filled both sides on an eight-by-ten sheet—all but a couple inches square for the wheel uh names—and I hadn't got a word in edgeways, mind yuh! And me with fifty dollars in the air. So I glommed some red ink that the cook had swiped out of an empty shack once, and I wrote across their letter endways, 'For the Lord's sake, come a-running. I've got fifty up on your rep'—and I felt some better, though it did hurt my feelings to put up good money like that, sight-unseen.

"Well, next day the cook rode out and held up the stage for us, and put robin redbreast aboard her, and then we had a wait coming. Cypress was over beyond the Graburn basin, somewheres—he was riding for the big Ace uh Clubs Company, and the stage only made one trip a week—going up on Monday and coming back on Thursday. And if Cypress happened to be away from the home ranch, the Lord only knew when our suspense would be over.

"But, as luck would have it, next day along rides a sheep-wrangler direct from the lamb pens, and struck old Tom for a job riding; and old Tom kind uh took pity on the poor devil and hired him, so we had him to amuse ourselves with whilst we waited for an answer t' our round robin. He was a meek-faced, blue-eyed, yellow-haired kind uh Slim Jim—looked some like Spider here."

Delaney dodged Spider's hat, and continued:

"He rode a mangy little cayuse that I counted fifty-one ribs on, and he had

an old saddle that must 'a' cost him as much as seven dollars, I guess—and a pair uh chaps that was so far gone there was nothing whole but the fringe. And—oh, he fair blatted, he did. Curly said he's seen him herding for Thompson—and that would 'a' queered him with the boys, even if they hadn't hated him on general principles, just for being a sheep-wrangler. We'd had a lot uh trouble with Thompson and his herders over range and water.

"Pecos, being on the lift, and sore on the world anyway, took this here Pilgrim's arrival—we dubbed him the Pilgrim as soon as we seen the way he dragged his saddle off—he sure took him t' heart, and mourned around the bunk-house like an old cow in weaning time. And Pecos being so savage with him, I had t' take his part a lot—but it did grind me some, he was so damn mild mannered. I like t' see a man show fight, once in a while, when the occasion seems t' demand it.

"Well, come Thursday evening, we got an answer t' our challenge, all right. It said that Cypress Kid would ride over and gentle our bad little pony some day, when he could get a layoff. The general tone Pecos took as kind uh insulting—seeing there was a real broncho-peeler at the Happy Heart—and him and the boys got their head t'gether and 'lowed they'd proceed to educate Spotted Dog some. That didn't please me none too well, and I could fair see my fifty dollars fade away t' slow music, but I wouldn't squeal. I figured that I was due to lose any way yuh was a mind t' fix it. Spotted Dog was sure a bad actor, once he piled his man and found out he could. Some horses seem t' have a natural gift that way, yuh know—and Pecos wasn't easy t' throw. I'd saw him make some wild old rides, and it looked t' me he ought to know his business. Yuh see, the way he raised my bet kind o' jarred my nerve. But I kept my face closed and looked wise, which was some comfort, seeing it kept Pecos feeling anxious; he didn't know what a lot I was ignorant—about Cypress Kid, that is.

"A couple uh days after we got the letter I was talking t' Curly Landers about it, out in the barn, and the Pilgrim ambled in and caught a word or two about Cypress Kid. He kind o' hung around till Curly rode off, and then comes up t' me and says, kind o' deprecating:

"'Is it so, that Cypress Kid is going t' come over and ride a contest against that Pecos Smith?'

"I told him maybe so, and he stood a minute and then he asked me if I thought he could ride better than Pecos Smith, and did I know him very well.

"I said no, I didn't, and he looked around to see if anybody was in hearing—which they wasn't—and then he says, 'Cypress Kid is kind of a hard man t' get along with, I guess. He run a band uh sheep about ten miles off from Coulee Creek, and the lambs got mixed up and lost from their mothers during the excitement, and the herder was scared so bad he left the bunch and drawed his time. He was afraid Cypress Kid was going t' kill him.' And then he shook his head mournful—thinking about them mixed lambs, I guess.

"I asked him if Cypress Kid could ride any, and he looked up at me kind uh earnest and said: 'I guess he can ride pretty good. I seen him ride a bucking horse once, and he stayed right with him, and never fell off once. I know I couldn't 'a' done that—I'd 'a' fell off, I guess, if a horse bucked with me like that. I guess he's a pretty good rider, anyway.'

"That made me kind o' hostile, and I told him t' chase himself off, which he done. I was sure disgusted t' think I'd asked a lamb-lickin' pilgrim like him for expert opinion of a man's riding qualities.

"Well, things went along for a week

or ten days, and no Cypress Kid showed up, and my fifty kept growing dimmer and dimmer t' my view, the way Pecos and the boys was training Spotted Dog. Lord knows he was bad enough when he piled Pecos, but that was nothing t' the fight he could put up after they'd let him shake off a dummy every day. They'd watch till the ranch was quiet, and then take him out in the big corral and saddle him up, and tie a dummy onto him and turn him loose. He sure got wicked, after a few times uh that, and it was as much as a man's life was worth t' try and top him off. Money couldn't 'a' hired Pecos t' try it, for all he was such a swell rider and buster.

"Now, I want t' tell yuh what Pecos done t' the Pilgrim, just for pure spite. Pilgrim was coming home from town with a bunch of us one day, and his horse stirred up a rattler and crow-hopped a little. Pilgrim he stayed with him, by glomming the horn and pulling leather a lot. But he lost both stirrups, and was all over the saddle. Say, he was proud, though. Soon as old Joe settled down he hunted up his stirrups and got his toes in 'em, and looked around at us fellows, and says, kind o' triumphant, 'I guess you boys was expecting t' see me fall off.' And glory t' goodness, how the boys did guy him! They told him Pecos wasn't in it no more, and he was sure a rider—and it wasn't ten minutes till he was riding with a haughty backbone and looking down at us condescending.

"Dolly, she happened t' see it, and smiled awful sweet on him, I noticed—and so did Pecos, and that made him hot under the collar some more. He was doing his little best t' make some impression on Dolly, and he wasn't a bit pleased when she smiled on somebody else, which she had a habit uh doing. That evening Pilgrim slicked up some and went up t' the house t' call on Dolly, and Pecos was fighting his head something awful over it. Curly, he offered to slip up and find out what Pilgrim was doing, and he come back saying over some po'try that he said Pilgrim was reading out of a book. Maybe you know the piece. Noisy—'I little thought, when first thy reins I stacked upon the banks uh Seine, That I and Deegle here should feed on thy sweet limbs, my matchless steed'—which, as he said, there wasn't much sense to, and was sure sickening t' read to a lady.

"But Dolly liked it, all right, for the Pilgrim was up t' riding around with her, till Pecos was fair wild. Well, we was all of us kind o' sore on the Pilgrim, for that matter. Dolly did tell me she only done it t' git him away from the boys' teasing, but it looked to me like she was making too thorough a job of it.

"Well, Pecos was rank murderous, and got the boys t' help him put up a job on Pilgrim about his riding—which he sure was swell-headed about after that pretty ride on Joe. So next Sunday we was all going t' town for refreshments, and Pilgrim messed around with his rope, like he always done, and got old Joe, and then found out he was dead lame—which any old fool could tell a mile off. I suspicioned Pecos was up t' something, and I would bet money he'd lamed Joe deliberate. Pilgrim, he slipped his rope off and said he guessed he'd stay t' home; he said he didn't care much about town, nohow.

"Pecos wasn't agreeable t' that, and he kind o' sneered and asked Pilgrim why he didn't throw his rope on some other horse—or was he afraid he couldn't ride nothing but Joe? Pilgrim throwed back his shoulders and said he guessed he wasn't much afraid, but he guessed he didn't have t' go. He was getting kind o' nifty and sassy, after Dolly'd took up with him.

"Well, Pecos kept throwing it into him, and Curly Landers and Slim butted in and began to devil Pilgrim

about his riding till they got him kind o' hostile, and he swung round t' Pecos and says, 'Well, pick me out a horse, gosh darn yuh, and I'll ride him.'

"Pecos was waiting for that, and he winked at us and pointed t' Spotted Dog. I wouldn't stand for that, it looked so low-down mean, and so I spoke up and told Pilgrim he'd better let that horse alone. He'd been mostly riding fence, and wasn't wise t' Spotted Dog's talents. But he wouldn't hear a word, and he was near crying, he was so worked up. And the boys was about t' pile into me for interfering, so I let up and stood back.

"Pilgrim walked over and made a pass or two at Spotted Dog with his rope, but he couldn't do business, so finally Pecos went in and roped him and led him out. Pilgrim got his saddle on, all right, and Spotted Dog was meek as a pet lamb; he wasn't for quarreling about the saddling process, however.

"Then I got sorry again, and went up and tried t' reason with the Pilgrim—and told him Spotted Dog's record, even thereby getting Pecos agin me for life. But Pilgrim had his neck bowed, and nothing would stop him. He led him out and gathered up the reins, and shook the saddle a little, and Spotted Dog went up in the air a few times. Well, I had t' laugh at the Pilgrim. He backed off as far as the reins 'ud let him, and you could 'a' knocked his eyes off with a club. He gulped once or twice and says, 'Gosh!'

"Pecos commenced t' roast him again about losing his nerve, and the rest stood around guying him, till pretty soon Pilgrim nerved up and said he didn't see as it was a question uh nerve, exactly. He turned around to Pecos and says: 'Gosh darn yuh, I ain't afraid neither! If I can get into the saddle and get settled once, I guess I can stay there; I did the other time. But,' he says, 'it ain't any fun t' get shook up like that for nothing, and I won't do it, neither, without yuh make it worth my while.'

"Pecos grinned and says: 'If that's what's hurting yuh, I can make it worth your while, I reckon. I'll bet yuh a hundred dollars, two t' one, yuh can't whip him.'

"Pilgrim, he looked at him a minute, and then he reached down in his jeans and glommed a little beaded wallet, and poured out some shiners. 'Well,' he says, 'I'll just take yuh up on that. Here's my fifty—where's your hundred?'

"Pecos looked kind o' blue a minute, for he couldn't produce the goods. But he managed t' rake it up, by borrowing from all the boys but me—as he said, it was just a mere matter uh ceremony, and he'd hand it right back in a minute. So he got the amount, and handed it over t' Curly t' hold.

"I got on my horse, so's t' be ready t' see Pilgrim through if Spotted Dog took a notion t' run. I couldn't help feeling sorry for the darn fool. He kind uh seemed t' think that I was on his side, too, for he come over t' me and says, 'Is there any way uh fixin' things, Mr. Delaney, so's it'll be safer?'

"'Well,' I says, 'you might wire your rowels, so they can't slip.' I showed him how t' work, and he set down on the ground and took a little ball uh wire, that he used t' sew up the rips in his chaps, out uh his pocket, and wired up his spurs, with me setting on my horse bossing the job. Then I says, 'Nothing but say "Now I lay me," and pray for an easy death.' It was mean, maybe, but I was feeling kind uh sarcastic at the whole business. I looked on it as a kind o' murder.

"Well, he got up and felt uh the cinch, and took the horn and went up into the saddle in pretty good shape. He got one foot in the stirrup, and then old Spotted Dog commenced turning it on, and the ball was opened up.

"Well, that horse done all he knew and then invented some brand-new no-

tions. He done the sunfish, and the whirl, and the high back-jump, and do-si-do, lady-in-the-center and seven-run-around. I was setting on my horse, and I declare t' goodness I could see sky under him every pass he made."

"Aw, come easy!" Spider interjected.

"It's a fact. I never in my life saw the like—and I've seen bad horses some. And the Pilgrim riding him like a little man, and his chaps a-slapping the saddle like wet sheets on a clothes-line in a high wind, and his quirt swinging regular, like the pend'lum on a grandfather's clock. Pecos's jaw kep a dropping down till he near stepped on it. Pretty soon old Spotted Dog headed up the trail t' the house, pitching t' beat the band, and us after him in a bunch of amazement.

"Dolly, she come a-running out on the porch, and the old man and his wife, and the kids—Pilgrim sure had an audience for the finale. Time we all got there Spotted Dog was willing t' be good, and the Pilgrim stopped him right by the steps.

"'What'll yuh take for this pony?' he asks the old man. 'I'm kind o' stuck on him, myself'—and he sure seemed t' be, in more ways than one. Then he looked at Dolly and grinned a little, and says t' her, 'I got another hundred toward housekeeping, Dolly'—and she got kind uh pinky all over her face and broke back into the house.

"Pilgrim started on, then, toward town, whistling kind uh under his breath, like he was thinking uh something pleasant—which I guess he was. Pecos rode up alongside and give him the bad-eye for a minute, and then he says, 'Who in blazes are you, anyhow?' And the Pilgrim finished up his tune artistic, and turned around and looked at Pecos and said, 'My name is Bob Sanderson, and happy t' make your acquaintance.'

"Pecos says, 'Oh!' like it hurt him somewheres. He hadn't never heard uh Bob Sanderson, and neither had any of us. Then the Pilgrim looked over to me and tips me a wink, and says, 'Over in the Braburn Basin folks call me Cypress Kid. But I'm going t' drop that cognomen, now I'm married.'

"Well, I rose up in my stirrups and give a whoop you could 'a' heard ten mile—fifty dollars' worth uh yell, and I sure enjoyed it. Then I rode up on t'other side uh him and says, "Meaning Dolly?'

"'Meaning Dolly,' he says, easy-like. 'Her folks tried t' queer me, and we had t' do it on the quiet. I'd packed a license around till it was most wore out, and so the other day I glommed a sky-pilot that happened t' overtake us on the road, and we went over t' town and I cashed in my license before the time limit run out. And I'm sure grateful t' you boys for giving me an invite over here. It come in mighty handy.'

"Well, Pecos lagged 'way behind after that, nursing several distinct and separate sorrows, but not any for me. I sure felt good over my fifty dollars, and I congratulated Cypress Kid a heap on winning out with the girl, and 'most convinced myself I hadn't ever wanted her, I was so tickled t' see Pecos get let down."

Spider sat up and reached for Delaney's tobacco sack. "Cross your heart, Delaney, is that straight?"

"That there story's on the square. A lot uh funny things happen in this world. If yuh don't believe me, go over in the Graburn Basin and ride t' Bridgeman's ranch, and ask for the foreman—that's Cypress Kid. He'll tell yuh the same story—only from his point uh view, maybe."

Spider settled back against the roll of bedding, and had never a word to say.

"Another instance," Noisy remarked, "where 'Pride goeth before a fall.'"

"That's what it sure done—to Pecos," Delaney agreed complacently.

Poets of the South

And a Plea for Southern Literature

Robert Paine Hudson
Author of "Southern Lyrics"

YOU, my Southern Readers, no doubt have heard of Robert Burns, the Scotch poet. To us he was a foreigner, yet his name in the South is a household word, and many of you can repeat from memory pages of his poems. He sang of his native Scotland and people, and those people received him, and the world crowned him with glory because his people did. But who among you has ever heard of Sidney Lanier, a man of equal if not greater poetic genius, a Southern man who sang of his country and people, and they received him not; nor did the world, because his people did not. Doubtless you are familiar with the names of Bryant, Longfellow, Holmes, and Whittier—New England poets who sang of their country, whose country received them, and so did the South because New England first did. Yet few of you perhaps have heard even the names of the Southern poets who sang out their lives and died neglected, for the South heard them not, and to-day scarcely knows their names; yet many of them were men of equal talent with the New England poets. Who among you has heard the names of Ryan, Lanier, Timrod, Ticknor, Hayne, Pike and Sims—men who laid down their lives in a noble effort to build a Southern literature? I say laid down their lives, for this unfortunately is more than a figure of speech, for to be a Southern poet meant neglect and even starvation. And where do you find their books to-day? Since there are but few publishing houses in the South, they must come from the East where Southern literature has usually gone begging.

We have mentioned but a few of the Southern poets, but these are among the representative ones. Here we can speak of only those whose work is finished, and whose spirits have gone to the reward they received not here. When we come to examine the lives of these men we have before us a scene of neglect and sorrow. And why was this? Simply because the South did not, and will not, recognize her own in literature. Too often it must be something foreign to be recognized in the South. Our grandmothers thought everything must come from abroad. The South is the most conservative of any section of the country. It is hard to wean ourselves from the ideas of our grandmothers. We have not the self-confidence of the New Englanders, yet we are a greater nation in ourselves. Too long have we been led by outside influences, and if some one among us tries to think for us, the fact that he is one of us is sufficient grounds for neglect.

Our Southern writers have been told to go to New England to get a reputation, forgetting that in New England they have their own to care for, and they are doing so. But why can the South not have her own poets and her own literature? She knows how to raise corn and potatoes, and leads the world in cotton. And here lies the secret of neglect of home literature—commercialism. In the New England states a man is designated by what he has written; in the South by the number of mules he has. It is well to have the mules and the commerce, but we will never be a free and distinct people till we have a literature of our own,

and cultivate the higher esthetics in life; not to the exclusion of outside literature, for we want it all and more, but we want our own. The greatest monument a country can have, and the one most enduring, is its literature. It is the glory of every land. What remains to us of Greece but her literature? Who has not heard of Homer?

The study of esthetics does not retard material progress, as some may claim. Little Yucatan across the gulf has her own poets and historians, her own literature, and her commerce has not suffered. Her Cecil grass reaches every civilized land, yet they find time to cultivate the higher things of life. With them commerce is not the end of life, but only the means. Where are to be found more strenuous and untiring people than the Japanese? Yet every Jap is said to be a poet, and his songs delight those around him. True, our fathers and grandfathers in the South were mainly poor farmers without libraries, and were excusable, perhaps, for their neglect of literature, but now that the South is rich and entering upon a higher educational plane, there are no longer any grounds for neglect, and the whole trouble seems to be our own indifference.

A love for literature, especially its higher forms, namely poetry, with most of us is a matter of cultivation. The more we know of it the more we like it. A love for poetry, especially the higher kinds should be cultivated by all; and if we do we shall soon find our lives lifted into a new and purer atmosphere. Let us get out of the ruts of our grandfathers, and get on the great highway to a more distinct manhood in literature. We must cease to accept the books and authors of the East to the exclusion of our own, if we would be a distinct and intellectual people. We must buy and read more books, especially those of a poetic nature, if we would be known as a people of taste in literature.

Fact is our libraries are too scarce, and our books too few, almost, to be reckoned with the outside world. Massachusetts has 264 libraries with more than 1,000 volumes each. Total number of volumes, 7,616,994. Tennessee has 86 libraries with more than 1,000 volumes each. Total number of volumes, 454,672. Population of the two states about the same. One book in Tennessee to seventeen in Massachusetts! Perhaps in the homes a greater difference exists in favor of Massachusetts.

But what of our Southern poets, when and where did they live, and what did they write? Time will permit me to speak of only a few, and only those whose work is finished. Many worthy of mention are now living, but I cannot mention them here. Looking over the field, I see many who have more or less invoked the Muses, but I will mention only a few, and these not wholly in the order of their greatness, for that has not been fully settled.

ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN.

Rev. Abram Joseph Ryan, usually known as Father Ryan, was born in Norfolk, Va., in 1840. Some claim Aug. 15, 1839. He was taken to St. Louis, Mo., at the age of eight, and here received his early training under the brothers of the Christian school, with a view to fitting him for the priesthood. Later he entered the Ecclesiastical Seminary at Niagara, N. Y., where he finally graduated with honors. He was then ordained a priest, and entered the duties of missionary. Then came the war between the States. Ryan cast his lot with the South, serving as chaplain during the entire war, up to the surrender at Appomattox.

After the war he served as pastor of the Roman Catholic churches at Nashville, Clarksville and Knoxville. Then he removed to Augusta, Ga., and established in that city a paper which he called "*The Banner of the South.*" This he edited five years. Not making his

paper a financial success, at the end of this time it was suspended. During this time he contributed both verse and prose to various papers and magazines, and much to his own, often giving lectures for the benefit of various charities. Then he went to Mobile, where he served as pastor of St. Mary's church in that city from 1870 to 1883. At the end of this time he obtained permission to give some lectures for certain charities, and went North. Here his health failed, and, retiring to the Franciscan Monastery at Louisville, he died April 23, 1886.

Here died the greatest singer, in my humble judgment, the South up to this time had produced. His poems are not extensive, only about 7,300 lines, nearly all being lyrics of a religious character. Yet Father Ryan gave forth some of the loftiest outbursts of melody and far-reaching thought this world has ever known. Not all his poems were of a religious character; some were burning with the war spirit. It he had written nothing but the "Conquered Banner" and the "Sword of Lee," his fame would be established. His poems are highly spiritual and uplifting, pointing always to that Better Land. What is there in the English language more beautiful than "Weary Hearts," than "When," than "Song of the Mystic?" In these he has said the only things that could be said, in the only way they could be said. Try to change them and you must fail. They are smooth and full of melody, strong in every expression, rising infinitely above every phase of common-place. They were the emotions of a bursting heart.

Yet he never sought this beauty and harmony for their own sakes, but only to show us the way to better things. Not a phase of obscurity darkens his pages. His poems may be understood by a child, yet are deep enough for the profoundest philosopher. He lived his poems. Not one seems to have been written to order, nor for pay. When tired of other poets I turn to Father Ryan with renewed interest, an interest which never tires. The first time I found his book I read it all that night, and the morning was almost dawning when I retired, so deep was my infatuation. He was a true poet, and the world has been made better by his songs. Well done, Father Ryan! Thy home and place are in heaven, where thy songs gladden the hearts of angels, as they will forever gladden here the hearts of men.

SIDNEY LANIER.

Sidney Lanier was born in Macon, Ga., Feb. 3, 1842. His father was a prominent lawyer in Macon, while his mother was a woman of strong character and refinement. At an early age Sidney developed a deep love for music, and rapidly learned to play many instruments, among which was the flute. This flute playing became a feature of his life, and reached to its close. At fourteen he entered Oglethorpe College at Midway, Ga., where he graduated at eighteen.

He was now very much troubled as to what should be his life work. While he was passionately fond of music, yet he believed that music was a small business in comparison with other things he might do. Poetry and literature came crowding in upon him for consideration, for his heart was already ablaze with song. After graduation he became a teacher in his *alma mater*, where he remained till the beginning of the war of the States. He now entered the Confederacy and served till the end of the war, during which time he was a prisoner five months at Point Lookout, finally returning to his home in Macon, shattered in health.

In 1867 he published his novel, "Tiger Lilies," in which he details his experience during his prison life. For sometime after the war he was employed as a clerk in a hotel in Montgomery, Ala., then took charge of a school in Prat-

ville, Ala. In 1867 he married in Macon. In 1868 strong symptoms of consumption developed, and it was thought best to return to Macon. He now remained in his native city studying and practicing law with his father till 1872. Then he went to San Antonio, Texas, hoping there to improve his health. In the autumn of 1883 he became a resident of Baltimore, Md., and engaged as flutist with a concert company. Still his health did not improve, though he made frequent trips to various places in search of it. During all this time he was wooing the Muses, giving vent to song wholly unique and standing alone in the literary world. About this time his poem "Corn" was brought out, and after many rejections found lodgement in *Lippincott's Magazine*. Through Bayard Taylor's influence he was selected to write the Cantata to be sung at the opening of the Centennial Exposition, Philadelphia, 1876. This poem created quite a furore of criticism. Ill health again compelled him to leave Baltimore; but after a year he returned to that city and continued his musical work.

In 1877 a small volume of Lanier's was brought out at Lippincott's. He now gave a course of lectures on poetry —"Shakespeare and the Elizabethan Era." In 1879 he became lecturer in English literature at the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore. Here he wrote a volume called "Science of English Verse," setting forth some peculiar ideas on English versification.

During all this time his health was surely sinking, and often prostrations stopped the work, even threatening his life. Some of his lectures were now published in book form under the title of "The English Novel." He next visited Florida, and on his return published a volume on its climate, scenery and history. He then edited three illustrated books for boys. His health now became so alarming it was evident that his work must cease, so in the summer of 1881 he sought rest and health in the mountains of North Carolina near Asheville, where he tried camp life. Not improving here, he was removed to Lynn, N. C., where he died Sept. 1, 1881, at the age of 39. He was a devoted husband, a kind father, a noble citizen and an unquestioned scholar.

In his peculiar style as a poet he stands alone in the American field, if not in the world. He was wholly original. While his collected poems make but a small volume, only about 5,400 lines, yet many of these are of rarest quality. Though rather unhappy in his selection of poetic subjects, he handled them well. He was on fire, and, like Prometheus of old, he caught that fire from heaven. His poetry is full of sparks and splendor that have dazzled the poetic world; yet his poems, I believe, will never be read but by the few. They are above the comprehension of the multitude. He is sometimes obscure. In his ascent of Parnassus, he is often lost in the mists and shadows, again he stands out boldly on the highest peaks. What a pity he was not permitted to carry out the work so conspicuously begun! He sang his unique and lofty songs in the midst of barren surroundings, as all Southern poets have done. Yet he never faltered in his noble purpose, but lived in a sublime faith of their final triumph. And triumph they have, though not till the poet has passed out at the sun-set gate.

"Run home, little streams,
With your lapfuls of little stars and dreams!"

He was wholly Southern, wholly in sympathy with the South. As to his being the greatest poet the South has yet produced, as many would place him, that yet remains unsettled, and may never be. It is largely a matter of individual tastes about what makes the poet. While I cannot believe he is the poet of the people, I place him as

poet of the poets. Well done, faithful Lanier! Though thy feeble life has burned out, the fire of that deathless spirit still burns as a light and warmth to the hearts of men.

HENRY TIMROD.

Henry Tomrod, who has been called the unfortunate poet of the South, though he has no corner on that appelation, was born in Charleston, S. C., Dec. 8, 1829. He came of literary descent, his father being a poet of no mean qualities, who was so in love with books that he gave himself as an apprentice to a book-binder that he might have plenty of books to read. He attended a primary school in Charleston with Paul H. Hayne as his schoolmate, but finally, at seventeen, entered college at Athens, Ga. On account of poverty and ill health he was forced to leave school before graduation. For a time he read law in Charleston, but found law most uncongenial. Then for nine years he was engaged as a private teacher on the plantations of South Carolina, often visiting Charleston, where he found his greatest delight with literary companions.

While at college he developed a love for song, and here gave to the world his first utterance in the columns of a Charleston journal. In 1860 he published in Boston a small volume of poems. When the War of the Rebellion came he volunteered his services to his State, but ill health prevented long service. Remaining in Charleston the first year of the war, he wielded his pen in arousing the war spirit, which he did most effectually. Then he went to the front as a war correspondent for the Charleston *Mercury*. Then he settled in Columbia, S. C., and became editor of the *South Carolinian*.

Now followed a series of disasters which almost overwhelmed him. Columbia was burned by order of Sherman, sweeping away his business, and leaving him in direst poverty, with a family for whom he must provide. For some time they subsisted on the sales of his household goods, furniture and silverware. He attempted literary work, sending his poems to Northern magazines, but all were coolly returned. Then came failing health, a series of hemorrhages from his lungs, consumption and death, which occurred Oct. 8, 1867. He was buried at Columbia, S. C., and for twenty-five years his poems and his grave were practically forgotten. Still there remained some admirers of Henry Timrod, and, in 1898, they organized under the name of "The Timrod Memorial Association." His poems were gathered up and published by a Boston house, and 4,500 copies were immediately sold. This, of course, was due to the backing of the Association, for no Northern concern would take any risk on the poems of a Southerner. The graves of Timrod and his family were now marked with a suitable monument, and a bust monument erected to his memory in Charleston.

As a poet, the South has produced few greater than Timrod. The thinness of his volume is its greatest misfortune. He had the ability to say the right thing at the right time, and much of it the only way it could be said. His poems flow with a whole-souled freedom, lifted to the highest plane of human thought, free from all dialect and doggerel. They have simplicity without levity, and strength without mysticism. He had the true instincts of the great poet, and we can but regret that misfortune and disease cut him down in the midst of his enchanting song. As a man he was of the noblest type, true to his family, true to his country. The fame of Henry Timrod is secure; and now may those deep and inspiring songs of his, so little appreciated in his day, forever rest in the hearts and lives of all true Southerners.

FRANCES ORRERY TICKNOR.

Dr. Ticknor, as he is better known, was born in Baldwin County, Georgia, 1822, and died near Columbus, Ga.,

1874. His father was from New Jersey, and was a physician, while his mother was a native of Savannah, Ga. The father died young, and the mother with three small children moved to Columbus, Ga., where the children received a fair education. Frank, the poet, studied medicine and graduated in this profession from colleges in Philadelphia and New York. He then returned to Columbus, and, shortly after his marriage, settled on a farm near Columbus, where he practised medicine till his death. One might suppose that a country physician would have no time for the practice of esthetics, yet he was an excellent flutist, florist, and fruit grower, and above all a poet of greater force than the world was willing to acknowledge.

His poems are not extensive. They are mainly lyrics, and deeply imbued with the war spirit, as many were written during the stirring times of the Rebellion. He never published a volume during his life-time, it seems, though he contributed to many of the leading journals of his time. Since his death his poems have been collected and published in book form. Among his best known poems are "The Virginians of the Valley," and "Little Griffin of Tennessee." Here we see the strength of Byron and the simplicity of Burns. His verse is smooth and musical. There can be no doubt of his call to the court of the Muses. Though he may not have reached the loftiest flights of imagination, yet in his attempts on Parnassus he has ascended far up its steep and rocky heights. In comparison with war poems of the South his verses lose nothing, and are seldom equaled. Though Dr. Ticknor has passed, his spirit will long remain with us, for his lyrics are those of one inspired.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

Paul H. Hayne was born in Charleston, S. C., Jan 1, 1830. He came of a long line of notable ancestry reaching back to the revolution. He inherited the home and property of three generations. His father was an officer in the U. S. Navy, and died at sea during the poet's infancy. Hayne was educated in his native city, graduating with honors from Charleston College. Early in life he showed a taste for literature, publishing his first volume of poems in 1855. William Gilmore Sims and Henry Timrod, poets of his time and locality, were among his warmest friends. Everything now seemed to point to easy success for Mr. Hayne, but just here a cloud came over his path—the smoke of the Rebellion. During the bombardment of Charleston his beautiful home and extensive library were destroyed by fire.

He served for a time on the staff of Gov. Pickens of South Carolina, but retired on account of delicate health. During this unpleasant struggle he wrote and published many poems that were ablaze with the spirit of war. At the close of the war he retired with his wife to Grovetown, Ga., a small village ten miles out from Augusta, where he settled in a little board cottage, "Copse Hill," on 18 acres of pine land. Here he lived in poverty for 18 years, and died July 6, 1886. He was buried in Augusta with extensive honors for a man of letters. At Grovetown a memorial church, known as "The Hayne Chapel," has been erected to his memory. This fund was contributed to by his friends and admirers from all parts of the country.

During his life Mr. Hayne published many volumes of poems, and finally, in 1862, all his poems were brought out in one large and elegant volume by a Boston house. As to his poems, they are vast in extent, probably reaching 25,000 lines. They are mainly lyrics, on a great variety of subjects, few reaching very great length. As to quality they are all of a high class, nowhere trailing the skirts of the muse in the mire of commonplace. Yet I can-

not believe them to be of the enduring the kind that penetrate the heart and life and lead us to memorize and live them. There is an air of mysticism and sameness about them, and for this alone I cannot believe they will be extensively read. He does not say the only thing that could be said in the only way it could be said. He does not strike with the invincible sledge hammer, nor pour out, like a mocking bird, the exultation or despair of a bursting heart. Yet Hayne has his merits and his admirers, and will, no doubt, be read by many for a long time to come.

Many claim for him the poet-laureateship of the South. As to volume there is no doubt he has earned it. As to quality I can never concede it; yet many of the poems in his vast volume have merit of the first quality. As to personal character, he was a devotee to his home and family, a model character in his community, a noble Christian, and had the undivided respect of all men. While his place may not be the highest in the niche of Fame, yet for his noble persistence in the face of discouragements, and for the noble sentiment of his songs, a place in letters he has unquestionably won. He is the only Southerner who has attempted poetry alone with such zeal as wholly to lay down his life on her altar. For this he deserves all the honor he has received, and more. Faithful Hayne, thy lesson is one of undying love for Art's sake. For the purity of thy song, and the faithful obedience to the call of the Muses, I would place on thy brow a beautiful garland from the slopes of the Parnassus mountain.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMS.

In many ways Sims was an unusual man, more so than he ever got credit for being. He was a lawyer, planter, statesman, editor, novelist, dramatist, critic, biographer, historian and poet; and yet in spite of so much versatility he narrowly missed being a noted poet. Born in Charleston, S. C., in 1806, he was self-made, being largely raised by a poverty-stricken grandmother. His mother died early, and his father was away in the Florida Indian war. He was a prolific writer, beginning to versify at the age of seven.

On leaving school he served for a time as clerk in a drug store, then, at eighteen, took up the study of law, dividing his time between law and poetry. At 21 he abandoned law for literature, which he diligently pursued till his death, which occurred June 11, 1870. He was a most charitable man, always giving a helping hand to his struggling fellow writers. He made his native town, Charleston, quite a literary center. Volume after volume came from his prolific pen, till, in 1860, he had published 18 volumes of poetry and 60 books of prose.

The war now came on and reduced him to poverty. In his second marriage, together with his literary work, he raised himself again in the financial world, again establishing for himself a beautiful home. Unfortunately for his name as a great poet, he did not reach the requisite heights of thought and depths of passion. He was profuse but not painstaking. His ideas were good, often filled with wildest romance and the beauties of nature, nor were they filled with the commonplace as with many latter day poets. Notwithstanding all that may be said against the poetry of Sims, it yet contains many beautiful thoughts, but he did not grasp them with the hand of a master.

Yet his fame is not to rest alone on his verse. It is to his novels that we owe him greatest recognition. I do not know of any house that now publishes his works. Some day I look for a Sims' revival, when all that is best in his massive volume will be brought out and treasured.

ALBERT PIKE.

Albert Pike was not a native South-

erner, but one by adoption. He was a man of great variety, as most literary people of the South have had to be, since literature alone has not made them bread. During his life he was a teacher, lawyer, poet, lecturer, editor and soldier. Born in Boston in 1809, he prepared for college at Farmingham, Mass. He finally entered the Junior class at Harvard, but soon withdrew and completed the course by himself. In 1831 he left Boston for the Southwest, and, after a year's wandering, reached Fort Smith, Ark. Here he decided to remain, so engaged in the business of teaching. He now wrote many poems and sketches, which appeared in the *Little Rock Advocate*, with highest praise, securing to him finally assistant editorship of that paper.

He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1836. Two years previous he published his first volume, "Prose Sketches and Poems." In 1839 appeared his "Hymns to the Gods." Now came the Mexican War. Recruiting his own cavalry regiment, of which he became Colonel, he appeared before Monterey.

In 1853 he settled in New Orleans and was enjoying a splendid law practice when the Civil War broke out. He enlisted on the side of the South, and became Brigadier General, serving throughout the war. After the war he settled in Memphis, and again practiced law. Removing to Washington, D. C., in 1863, he for a time again practiced law. In 1880 he entered wholly into literary work, and when he died in 1891 few American writers were better known. His poems are not voluminous, but they have the untiring care of an artist. He was careful in everything he wrote. Many of his poems have become classic, and are widely read.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

The story of Edgar Allen Poe is one of the saddest as well as the most brilliant in all literature. His parents came of Revolutionary stock. While sojourning in Boston on a business tour, for they were theatrical people, Edgar was born, Jan. 19, 1809. Two years later his parents lay dead at their home in Richmond, Va., and three small children were left to the charity of the city. Edgar was adopted by John Allen, one of the wealthiest men of the city. Thus he came to be called Edgar *Allen* Poe.

While yet a child he was brought before company and made to drink to their health and say brilliant speeches for their entertainment; thus came about the habit of drink, which became a curse to his life and shortened his days. At six he was taken to London and there placed in an English school, where he remained five years, learning well his French and Latin books. In 1821 he was again back in Richmond, where he remained till 1826 under private teachers. He next entered the University of Virginia, where he immediately gained distinction in his studies of the languages. But he soon fell into his drink and gambling habits, finally breaking into Mr. Allen's counting house and running away to Boston.

While in Boston he published his first volume of poems, 1827. Then, under the name of Edgar A. Perry, he enlisted in the regular army, where he soon rose to the rank of Sergeant Major. In 1829 Mr. Allen located him, and succeeded in having him removed to West Point Military Academy. In May, 1831, he was discharged from West Point for disobedience to military rules. He now brought out in New York by subscription a volume entitled "Poems," which, though containing many poems strikingly beautiful for melody and wierdness, had but little sale; so he left New York and returned to Richmond. Here again he met disappointment, for Mr. Allen, his foster

father, would have nothing more to do with him.

He next went to Baltimore, 1833, where he won a hundred dollar prize for the best short story. This turned the tide in his favor, and soon he was editor of the "*Southern Literary Magazine.*" Here he married his devoted cousin, Virginia. Again he turned to drink, which lost him his editorship and largely the respect of men. He spent the next year in New York, then six years in Philadelphia, then back to New York, then south to Richmond, and then to Baltimore again, and died Oct. 7, 1849, after a drunken spree, in Baltimore, where he was buried.

His life was devoted to literature. He is said to have been the father of the short story as we have it now. Story writing and criticism occupied most of his time. His stories are read to-day with even more interest than in his day, over all the world and in many languages. His most productive years were those spent in Philadelphia. But it is as a poet that we are most concerned. His volume is thin, but full of wildest fancy and perfect melody. Among the many beautiful poems he has left us, none have been so well received as his "Raven," which he published in 1844. Before his death he published a volume containing nearly all his poems.

Poe was a man wholly destitute of policy. His genius would have made him fame and fortune had it been helped along with a shadow of tact; but he made enemies of his best friends by his harshness towards them. In literary circles he invariable lost out by his own misconduct. The saloon seemed to be his element, and here he continued to sink lower in poverty and the good will of the people. Finally when his wife lay dying in New York he had scarcely sufficient clothing to keep her from freezing.

Poe was buried in Baltimore with little ceremony and few attendants. For many years his grave was unmarked, and for a time was believed to be lost, but at last was located and suitably marked. He brought no philosophy to men, but the beauty and harmony of his verse were seldom if ever surpassed. No words more suitable can close this chapter on Poe than those inscribed on the Poe Memorial tablet in the New York Museum of Art: "He was great in his genius, unhappy in his life, wretched in his death, but in his fame he is immortal." There are many who claim that Poe was not a Product of the South, but the South will always claim him as her own.

FAME BY SINGLE POEM.

Some writers have been made famous by a single poem, among whom were James Ryder Randall, a native of Maryland, who, in 1861, while teaching in Louisiana, wrote:

"The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!"

George Frederick Root, in his "Battle Cry of Freedom:"

"We'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll
rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom;
We'll rally from the hillside, we'll rally
from the plain,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom."

Richard Henry Wild, in his beautiful lyric, "My Life Is Like a Summer Rose."

Theodore O'Hara, 1820-1867, in his never-dying poem:

"The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread;
And glory guards ,with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

Frances Scott Key, 1780-1843, in his "Star Spangled Banner:"

"Oh! say can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the clouds of the fight
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming."

Daniel Emmett and "Dixie."

John Howard Paine and "Home, Sweet Home."

Jeseph Hopkinson and "Hail, Columbia!"

Those in the South, who have followed Poesy have done so for its own sake, for a love that would not die, for none have ever been acknowledged during their time. Burns achieved greater success with a pamphlet in his own little Scotland in three months, than any poet in the South ever did in thirty years, and there have lived in the South poets as great, if not greater, than Burns. Byron, after publishing Childe Harold, awoke one morning in London and found himself famous. Seven editions followed in four weeks. Fourteen thousand copies of his "Corsair" were sold in one day. The students of Oxford lined up and ran races on bets for copies of his "Giaour," and 12,000 copies went in a single day. It is safe to say that had Childe Harold or Giaour been written by a Southerner, neither to this day would scarcely have been heard of, and would still be in the first edition. Why do I say this? Because of the indifference that has been shown literature of the homeland, in the South. What is the remedy? Wake up to a knowledge of the fact that as great thinkers live and have lived in the South as in any other part of the world. Place the Southern poets, living and dead, in all the public libraries, in our schools and homes. Let the children learn the name of Lanier as well as Longfellow, and Ryan as well as Bryant, of Timrod and Hayne as well as Browning and Tennyson. The outside world will recognize our poets if we will but do so first, but charity here must begin at home. Let me close with a little poem from "Southern Lyrics," dedicated to "The Southern Poets:"

"Neglected men and crushed, O men of woe!
Whose lights were not seen though they lit our way,
There scarcely yet is seen an afterglow
To tell us of that light, our glorious day.

"The South is blind; we waste no smile or word
To cheer our own though sink they in despair;
Old and New England call, and they are heard,
But ne'er a bard that breathed the South's pure air.

"O Southland bards! O men of woe! one day
The men who crush thee well repent, and then
The world will hear thy long neglected lay,
Thy songs will be the joy and pride of men."

Our National Despot

P. A. Spain, M. D.

THERE is so much that smacks of oppression going on among our people that we are forced to the conclusion that somewhere in our gorernment there must be a despot. Judge Lindsay of Colorado typifies this ruling spirit, "The Beast in the Jungle." A better name would be a Despot. Now a despot is one who rules with wicked, selfish designs, and no ruler can carry out such designs unless in some way he controls the public treasury and replenishes this treasury from the labors of his subjects. By controlling the public treasury and the peoples' medium of exchange he can thus control the courts and police powers of his country and thus bring about any nefarious designs he may choose.

In our U. S. financial system the peering eye can easily read the features of the despot that, more than all other causes, blurs our American government and spreads oppression and misery over much of our boasted land.

The system of finance under which our treasury is operated is the sceptre wielded by our reigning despot. The President is not that despot—he is merely a willing or unwilling tool. The despot himself is the bondholder of our government.

We boast of having our governmental powers vested in a Congress and that this Congress is so elected as to reflect the will of the people, and yet it is palpable to any thoughtful mind that this Congress is bound hand and foot by this despot, the bondholder. Senator Owen of Oklahoma was speaking "germane to the question" when he took up time in that Congress to ask, "If the people rule why do they not get what they want?" To the bondholder and his allies this question was silly and ridiculous.

Many years ago our Congress at an unguarded moment decided not to supply and control the medium of exchange of its people, but decided just to borrow money from some of its private sitizens. Oh,what a lapse in vigil! What a stab at liberty!

'Twas then the bright red blood of our strong young Democracy began to ebb and in its stead was injected the poisonous curdling flood from the oppressor's hand. In that unguarded moment our Congress decided not only to meet its own needs by borrowing from its gold laden private citizens, but it decided to let the great body of its citizenship get their "medium of exchange from these same moneyed sharks. This is the vicious financial system under which we are operating today. At that time Congress either overlooked, or else viciously espoused the fact, that the furnisher of the medium of exchange of a people would inevitably become their ruler and be a despot if that furnisher were a private citizen or a band of private citizens. To repeat, Congress borrows from a few of its so-called private citizens and leaves the rest of its people to borrow its medium of exchange from the same source. Thus it is ,as a nation, our bondholder owns and controls both Congress and the people. This bondholder is the one great father of monopolies, the great head of all corporations that handle much money. The various corporations, from the Government itself, down to the dry goods company of our country village, all get their money primarily from this same despotic bondholder—the hydra-headed father of all monopolies. Congress has borrowed and borrowed from this bondholder until he owns the government to the extent of billions and billions of dollars. This

same bondholder owns the big corporations and the little corporations and the private citizens of the country to the extent of other billions and billions.

As a government we have no money. We merely borrow from what we call our subjects, that is, the U. S. bondholder. Oh, what a misnomer! to call this bondholder our subject when he owns all the billions on which both Congress and its ninety millions of people do business! What a despotic power! He lets Congress have *some* money and then lets it have more money if he wants to, and keeps it away if he wants to. In our last panic he chose to keep it away from our Southern banks and other institutions that were preparing to finance the cotton growers of the South in holding their cotton for better prices. This despot stands ready to crush any move that threatens to put the producers of this country in control of prices. It he does not choose to let out his money, Congress at present has no power to make him disgorge; neither have the people, no matter what their emergency may be. This bondholder, this despot, this misnomered private citizen, lets Congress and the people have money for usury in return. Usury though biblically condemned as a crime, does not seem to be condemned by pretended Bible followers in America. Oh, the hypocrisy of such a following!

This usury, modestly and modernly called interest, brings all the original loan back to the despot in from 5 to 25 years and leaves the original bond or note yet unsettled, and then he is ready to relend us more money, that is, to double the bond at the same rate and thus he has gradually increased his bonds over us until he is all-powerful. Political parties, by whatever name, must either become his tools or else they are crushed for lack of funds. The ambitious politician must either do him homage or else crawl back into the timber and there remain quiet. The erstwhile honorable statesman must either develop a flexible conscience or all hell is raised to force him into the background, where he is to sit biting his lips, speaking only in undertones. The despot being our only source for money becomes the arbiter of our fortunes both in government and in our homes. Where is the statesman that is to deliver us from his clutches? Where is the statesman that is pretending to remodel our financial system so as to break the awful power of this despot? The only move in financial reform now agitated is the central bank proposition, and that is a move by the despot himself by which he seeks to further mould and perpetuate his power. Is our present Congress to stand for a still further increase of this iniquity? Unless this despot arbitrarily turns angel and yields back to Congress the power to make and control the circulating medium of our commerce, there seems at present no recourse except in what some would call repudiation, and repudiation means rebellion, and rebellion means revolution, and revolution means—what? Let history answer. Oh, that some sage could name a practical and peaceable remedy! Destruction of the protective tariff would only act as a disturbing element. It would not lessen the power of the bondholder over us. Reduction of tariff would not be a reduction of the bonds. The bondholder's power comes from the fact that we must have his money. We have none of our own. We get his by paying him an annual tribute of interest, and then to keep going we must borrow this interest back and annually bond ourselves again or else our money supply would be cut off and we would be a bankrupt nation any day this might happen. The crime of a protective tariff was great enough; its enormity was vividly described in the beginning by such men as Webster, Calhoun and Hayne, and recently more forcibly by such men as Folk of Missouri. History points out that it was evidently the incipient cause

of our late war—the negro problem being only incidental. Calhoun and Hayne plead for state rights and nullification. Nullification was a protest against protective tariff and resulted in South Carolina refusing to collect the tariff. Webster declared that the nullification doctrine would rend the Union and bring revolution, and it did. The iniquity of protective tariff has been heralded for more than a century and protection continues because our despot likes it. It serves his purpose in several ways. It helped mightily to bring the war, and war calls for more bonds, which are our despot's delight. He is also a slinking scoundrel and desires not to be apprehended by the people and hence he stealthily keeps such minor questions as the tariff between him and the people. If our government had power or inclination, and it seems we have neither, to destroy the iniquitous protective system, our despot would still find other means for collecting, and other excuses for issuing more bonds. His power to coerce our government and its people would still exist. Oh, that some statesman would arise to suggest a method for the dethronement of this monarch who is our oppressor unsuspected by the great masses of our people. Oh, the spectacle of a great nation with all its money power in the hands of despotic, private (?) citizens. The idea of a great nation with no money of its own issue—no money over which it has absolute control. The idea of a great nation at the mercy of its bondholders who can make or break a panic at their will and the government powerless to interfere except as the bondholder himself suggests! That is our exact condition today. Let our Congress assert itself and inaugurate a financial plan by which our common people can get money when needed without borrowing at exorbitant rates from this despot or some of his agents. When our cotton raisers a year or two ago plead with our Southern banks to be loyal to the South and furnish money at low rates by which cotton could be stored for better prices, this despot said no, and locked his money, and our money, in Northern banks and said to our Southern banks, you shall not have money to finance that cotton raisers' scheme. This despot and his agents, whose main habitat is Wall street, said to Southern banks: "Our greatest speculative product is cotton. We grow rich on its profits, we revel in its manipulation; if you lock it up in your Southern warehouses our business will be crippled, our incomes will be lessened. We cannot afford to give you control over that immense wealth distributing product. We want our pie as usual. You shall not have money, even though we owe it to you." So a panic was precipitated, and a move which threatened to make the South its own master was crushed. Relying upon the proposition that it is never too late to do good, let us hope that something yet might be done to deliver our people from this thralldom upon which no doubt rests the curse of God. Statesmen, you who profess a burning zeal for your people, why do you not come forth and stand against this despot? It may sacrifice you, but what a noble sacrifice! Your influence will go out and perhaps inspire others to take your place and continue the fight. Let Congress cease to put its proposed laws in the hands of a committee where perhaps they will be cast into "utter darkness." But when some progressive law is proposed by a new member, let Congress arrange its rules so that proposed law will come up, surely, for a consideration by our representatives. A motion to "refer" is often equivalent to crushing a good measure. Sometimes it means the stifling of free speech, sometimes it may mean "we don't want to be bothered with a knotty problem like that just now." Sometimes it means "we don't want to express ourselves on such a question now, because it is too near elec-

tion day." Referring to a committee gives the lobbyist power to censor all proposed legislation before it is properly considered by Congress. Ninety-nine times in a hundred the lobbyist is an agent of the despot from whom we so much need relief. All agents of corporate greed are merely agents of this despot. This despot is the author of that often-quoted lie, "a national debt is a national blessing." We need statesmen that will fight that lie to its final death, and deliver us from the money rule of a few so-called private citizens.

Witnesses

Stokely S. Fisher

We quarreled; but, parting, you gave me your hand
And whispered, "Remember—and understand!"

Oh, beautiful eyes, forget-me-not eyes,
Chaste, honest as heart of the summer avowed
By frankest of wide-open flowers!—
Your true self they mirrored, stripped of disguise;
Your pure love I drank like a sacrament, bowed
With reverence—still the remembrance o'erpowers
The senses with sweetness like music!—Your eyes,
Now while my soul reaches for you, uprise
In vision, shining all changelessly true!
Oh the blossom-blue love-stars that glow in my dream
Of your bosom give surety in every beam;
For my heart there is home-rest in love, dear, of you!

Oh fragrant, warm mouth!—if no vow had been spoken
Each heart-thread yet thrills with the message that trembled
In your timid first kiss—lips touched and souls mingled!
Can a bond of the spirit's own fibre be broken?
There is that, dear, between us that ne'er was dissembled—
You are mine, from all others by instant choice singled!
The seal of you bright in each cell of my blood
Is witness of womanhood wholly good,
Of loveliness formed to bless me forever!
Oh lips that have left not a secret untold
Which the heart, when it yearns to yield all, can unfold,
The souls which grew one then not death can dissever!

How well, O beloved, my whole heart you knew!—
I understand now; I am coming to you!

The Recall of Judges

Julian Kitchin

MANY perplexing problems arise during the progressive stages of a nation's growth and development. The necessity for limitations and restrictions upon the activities of individuals, combinations of individuals in large industrial, commercial, and financial organizations sets up conditions which call for the very best thought and talent of the country, and as the field of operations expands and broadens, and occupations grow more diversified, complications thicken, and when to these we add the problem of the regulation and control of public servants, we find, indeed, a situation calling for much thought. The past century and a third have been filled with the progress of an energetic people, and changes have come with a rapidity and effectiveness to take away one's breath. So far, however, we have been content to develop along the lines touching principally the commercial and educational side of the nation, and it has not been thought wise or expedient to attempt any radical changes politically until within a recent period. But we are now living in an age when it is thought not to be a bad plan to eliminate some of the unnecessary cogs in our election machinery and place the people and their servants in a more direct relation with each other, and so we are confronted with the question of applying the recall to the judges.

The people, by the system and policy of their government, have provided for the delegation of certain of their powers to a governing body in which they have an equally apportioned representation, and their constitutions provide for the election and tenure of office of their representatives. The government being divided into three co-ordinate wings—the legislative, judicial, and executive—the members selected to perform the functions and carry on the business of government in these three branches are, theoretically at least, chosen because of their superior ability, and peculiar fitness for the duties thereof. In the various states, with two exceptions, all of the officers, including the judges, are chosen for a definite term by the people (and in the nation all except the judges), at the expiration of which term they must return with their commissions to the people and place in their hands the reins of the government which has been temporarily committed to their care. If they desire to continue in office they must go before the people on their record and contest with others for a renewal of the relation, or else they pass out of office upon the election and qualifying of their successors. The people composing their constituency may or may not return to them their commissions renewed, according as they have or have not measured up to the requirements of their respective offices in conducting themselves and the affairs of the people with that dignity of comportment, impartiality and justice which is at all times required of a public servant, and a violation of which is seldom overlooked or condoned.

The objects sought to be accomplished by governmental agencies are multitudinous and complex, but all are primarily intended to inure to the common advantage, good, and interest of all, or the largest possible portion of all the people. Since the early ages when supernatural qualities were ascribed to rulers, and the people existed for the State instead of the State for the people, the tendency has been steadily and progressively towards Democracy—greater liberty and power to the

subject or citizen and corresponding curtailment and limitation of the arbitrary and assumed authority of the ruler. Amid the confusion and strife of armed revolt, empires have crumbled and fallen and rulers, claiming to derive their right to rule from Divine authority, have been dethroned and banished, and republics, ruled by the people and for the people, have been set up in their place. The people have grown tired of monarchial, patriarchal, and despostic forms of government in all lands, and nearly all those which exist now are so only in name, and those in control hold their authority, not as a matter of right, but as a privilege granted by a people whose loyalty and devotion to the ancient and cherished traditions of their ancestors is greater than their desire for a change of form of government.

The people of the United States, having established a representative government, are bound to no such tradition and progress has always been their watchword, and progress has no reverse gear—its movement is in one direction only. It is probable that a pure democracy—direct government by the people—is not desirable in this country because of the magnitude and geopraphical scope of the undertaking, that is, upon national questions. Locally the aspect changes and the only reasonable objection is removed. But the most important single feature of a representative government is that which makes the representative most directly and immediately respond to the demands of the constituency.

The recall is a provision in the charter or constitution whereby an officer elected by the people for a term of years may be removed before the expiration of that term, if he is found wanting in the qualities which he was believed to possess when elected, or for any other cause sufficient in the minds of that specified proportion of the whole number of electors responsible for his election. The recall of public officials has come into prominence in this country chiefly in municipalities, conjunctive with two other features of popular government —the initiative and referendum. Wherever it has been adopted, however, there has developed a great deal of opposition to its being made applicable to the judges. The wisdom of making this feature applicable to the judiciary has been very seriously questioned, and in some cases quite vehemently condemned. Those who oppose it contend that it will destroy the independence of the judiciary and cripple them in the fair and impartial application of the principles of the law, and that instead of hewing strictly to the line they will be apt to listen to popular clamor and render decisions accordingly. Furthermore it is contended that the recall of judges will subject the rights and property of the individual to the tyranny of the majority. These contentions are of very high origin and are supported by very able men, and it is, therefore, not wise to pass hurriedly over them. It must be admitted that the fact of the judges having been for so many years accorded treatment unlike that of other officers would apparently indicate some reason for putting them on a different footing. They have differed from other officers chiefly in the term of office, manner of acquiring office, and the qualification for office. Of the two former there is no apparent reason, but the latter is obviously essential, necessarily requiring the qualifications of a lawyer, combined with character and equipoise.

In the co-ordinate branches of the National government the chief executive officer is elected for a term of years. His responsibility to the constituency is impressed upon him every four years, and the legislators are elected by the people to whom they must return with their commissions at stated intervals. The judges in the federal

courts, however, are not elected at all, but appointed for life. The appointment is, in practical effect, irrevocable. They are absolutely independent of the people except indirectly by impeachment through their representatives, and experience has shown that conviction upon impeachment is exceedingly difficult and extremely rare. In the states and minor jurisdictions the attitude of the people has undergone a change and the judges are very generally elected directly by the vote of the people for a term of years ranging anywhere from 2 to 12 years, and I wish to call attention right here to the fact that these judges who are elected are just as independent and equally as free from prejudice in their decisions as those who are appointed for terms of years or for life. The theory that a judge requires all the safeguards which the opponents of the recall of judges seem to think necessary to insure unbiased action is nothing more than sentimental tradition. The fact of the matter is that judges are much less likely to surrender opinions based upon law and reason to popular demands than are other officers. They are by experience and professional training peculiarly fitted to cope successfully with just such conditions as are apprehended for them by those who feel that they need safeguarding. Those who feel that the responsibility of a judge will destroy his independence have, I fear, failed to recognize the inherent qualities of the American lawyer.

It is a reasonable supposition that if a judge can be swayed from reason and principle because of a mistaken notion of the electorate that it is what he should do, he would probably succumb to some more reprehensible influence should it be exerted, and therefore unfit for office anyway.

The fear that the adoption of the recall of judges would subject the property and rights of the individual to the caprice of a tryannical majority seems to be without foundation in fact. In all history, both sacred and profane, tyranny has been found to spring from the concentration of wealth and power in the hands of the few, wielded over the majority, and that the masses are long-suffering and will bear faithfully the heaviest of burdens uncomplainingly. The danger does not lie in that direction. It is not that the many will tyrannize over the few, but the few over the many. This is the teaching of history and the common experience of all mankind.

The direct recall of officers has so far been adopted principally in municipalities under the Commission Form of Government. Two or three states have recently adopted it, however. Many of the municipalities which have adopted it have either exempted the judges or else left their appointment to the Commissioners, vesting in them the power of removal, the Commissioners themselves being subject to recall. So far as adopted and so far as we have the light of experience the recall has been eminently satisfactory and justified every reasonable expectation; there are not reported cases where its application has worked a hardship or resulted in injustice in those branches of the public service where it has been invoked. It has been effective and has not developed the mob spirit in its application to administrative and executive officers. In fact the recall is merely the application to government of plain business rules—rules that are of common everyday application in all avenues of industrial, social, and religious activity. No good business man thinks of employing any one and binding himself not to discharge the employee until he has served one year or two years, no matter what his conduct nor how bad his service. No private corporation will do so. Yet the people, who as individuals always apply this principle, never have until recently thought of applying it when acting col-

lectively in their sovereign capacity; and now at last when they have sought to introduce this principle into their governmental business, there are those who doubt the wisdom of applying it to all classes of public servants.

It is a notable fact that whenever anything in the way of a reform is put in motion it makes pretty good progress until it comes in contact with the legal machinery—the judges, the laws, and the courts. You mustn't touch these. They are delicate, breakable, bendable, and destructible. Through all the mutations of time and events the judiciary seem to have stood with impregnable fortitude, supreme above the reformative iconoclasm of all ages. There may have been times and there may have been conditions which justified and probably necessitated the immunity of the law and the expounders of the law to popular control, but that time has passed and those conditions have disappeared. A mighty power, intelligently wielded, now rests in the arm that casts the ballot. Illiteracy is fast disappearing, and character and intelligence are fast becoming the predominating elements in the citizenship of this country, and the question will soon be—not shall, but will—the people rule, because they are rapidly absorbing and assimilating the consciousness of the constitutional powers which they reserved to themselves in creating this government and there can be no doubt that they intend to exercise those powers.

In all high-power machines there are two essentials to safety in operation: the one is an intelligent operator, and the other is a delicate and immediately responsive adjustment for stopping and starting. That branch of this government known as the judicial department is a most powerful machine. Shall we continue to operate this machine without the concurrence of these two essentials? Shall we supply the intelligent operator and then put the stopping and starting device out of reach? Reason rejects this absurdity spontaneously. The unrestricted use of authority by public officials is not beneficial to the people in whom the authority ultimately belongs and from whom it emanates, nor is it good for him to whom it is delegated. Power without control is dangerous to republican institutions. The so-called trust is dangerous only when unrestricted by proper authority. The power of the legislator is safe because he knows that "back home" resides a power superior to his and that he must give an account of that power which has been delegated to him. The power of the executive is safe because he must return to the people with his commission at the expiration of his term and surrender to them the authority with which they temporarily vested him. No officer has been forced to do wrong because of fear of the recall, nor because of the desire for re-election.

There is little cause for apprehension in the application of the recall to the judiciary in the various jurisdictions of the United States, as it is extremely unlikely that the remedy will be invoked except upon substantial grounds and good, sound reason. It has been hinted that the recall might be put in motion because of personal animosity of an individual. No personal animosity harbored by an individual would ever be sufficient to induce a majority of the constituency composing any jurisdiction to undertake to recall a judge or any other officer. The inherent respect of the American people for the judiciary and the loyalty to the traditional sanctity with which the judges have been surrounded, which is causing many now to hesitate about adopting it, would certainly not be lessened by its adoption, and would as surely and securely guard and protect the judiciary then as now. But more than this, the Americans are people of inborn high character and noble impulse, and their inherent love

of fair play and an even chance utterly repudiate the insinuation that they would permit, much less participate in, such an unconscionable and unworthy proceeding as that of humiliating and degrading a faithful officer because of mere personal animus. Such a spirit is repulsive to the very nature of American manhood and contrary to the highest and most cherished traditions of her history.

There is one other feature of this question to which I wish briefly to allude in conclusion, and that is the objection put forward by some who oppose the recall of judges that it tends to become a disturbing factor by producing a spirit of unrest owing to too frequent elections. There seems to be a feeling that if given the opportunity, the people will simply revel in recalls, and that they will get up a recall every time a few of them feel disagreeably inclined; that to have a weapon of defense is to use it whether or not there is any proper occasion for it. This objection seems to be unsupported by any reasonable basis, as, under the recall system, elections need become less frequent, because with the recall at hand it would be perfectly safe and probably a very good policy, to elect the officers for a great deal longer term, thus gaining for the bench judges who not only suit their constituency, but who are also in position to gain and profit by experience in the position, and at the same time eliminating that element of uncertainty which now must find lodgment in the minds of judges elected for short terms because of the vicissitudes of political expediency. The recall would also give an opportunity for the correction of any mistake made in selecting judges, thus eliminating from the bench any unworthy and vicious judges before any harm could result from any of their decisions.

After having considered the question carefully and weighed the contentions for and against it, the recall provision seems to me to be not only an eminently fair, wise, and expedient provision, but also a necessary one, and a long stride towards fulfilling the hopes entertained by the framers of the constitution and the heritage to their and our posterity of "equal rights to all and special privileges to none."

Sleep

Herbert Peele

Sleep, thou charmer, I would woo thee,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Sleep, beguiler, let me sue thee,
Throw thy mantle over me.

Break thou down the bars of distance,
Bid joys gloom in seconds' scope—
Year-long blisses fill the moments,
Fleeting slow as age could hope.

Love lend thou soft wings that swifter
Than the thoughts of fairies fly;
Woe send thou sweet winds that waft her
To oblivion's distant sky.

Sleep, beguiler, I would sue thee,
Thou canst set my spirit free;
Sleep, thou charmer, hear me woo thee,
Throw thy mantle over me.

Some Reminiscences From Men on the Firing Line

[All the tales of the Civil War have not been written nor told. **Watson's Magazine** proposes to publish each month short narratives from those who actually took part in the "War of the '60's." In fighting their battles over, the old Veterans will be surprised first, then gratified at the eager interest with which their tales are read. We hope our old Confederate Veterans will send in their recollections; their war-time anecdotes, the history of the foraging tours, their brief romances, and all the data which went to make up the lives of "the Boys in Gray" in '61-'65.—The Editor.]

The True Story of How "Lines on a Confederate Note" Were Written

Again I will request a little of your valuable time and space in regard to the "Lines on a Confederate Note." Since waiting for a correction (which you kindly published) I received a letter from Major S. A. Jonas in answer to one I had written him asking him to give the circumstances under which the noted lines were written. Following is his interesting statement:

"The lines on the back of a Confederate note were written under the following circumstances. After the surrender of Johnson's army at High Point, N. C., a number of us obtained passage to Richmond on the top of box cars, etc., of military trains, where we expected to effect arrangements for reaching our respective homes. At Richmond we found a noble friend in the proprietor of the old Powhatan hotel, who had faith in the promises of some of us, and was willing to take chances on the rest of the party, as all had been officers in consequential assignments. I having surrendered on the Staff of Lieut. Gen. Stephen D. Lee.

"Among the guests of the hotel was a vaudeville troupe hailing from Philadelphia, and they were very kind to the 'Johnnie Rebs,' as they called us. It happened that among the federal captures was a carload of unfinished Confederate notes, chiefly of large denomination, with backs blank, and these became scattered among the Yanks. Miss Annie Rush, one of the leading actresses, came into possession of quite a "bunch" of this embyro money, and she brought the bills to our lounging room, distributing them with the request that each would 'write her a sentiment as a souvenir.' I had some little standing among the boys as a ready scribbler, and I think I wrote all the 'sentiments' for the gang on scratch paper, each one transcribing his offering upon the note blank alloted him. Upon my bill I wrote the lines that unwittingly struck a patriotic chord and 'will not down.' If I had chosen from the lot I would possibly have taken one of the other poems for mine, as time had not yet given sacred tinge to things Confederate. Among those present when the lines were written were Capt. A. B. Schell, now of Louisville, the gallant commander of Cheatham's sharpshooters; Capt. D. L. Sublett, late of Chattanooga, ordinance officer; Major Claire, I think of Johnson's staff; Mr. Sublett of Virginia and others whose names I do not now recall. Capt. Schell was the first to read the poem and has verified this statement to Major Morton.

"Of course I did not appreciate my work, writers seldom do, and would have forgotten it but for the fact that the recipient gave it, or a copy of it, to the New York *Metropolitan Record*, then a Southern sympathizing weekly that had a tremendous circulation South, where it appeared a few months after the war over my signature, and headed 'Something Too Good To Be Lost.'

"Since then it has appeared one or

more times in almost every paper or magazine in the South; in many Northern papers, even in the Congressional Library Almanac, and in foreign prints and books of war poems, and in nine cases out of ten as anonymous, or attributed to, or claimed by others.

"I have made a hundred battles to maintain my claims, in each instance silencing other claimants, but the field was 'sown with dragon's teeth.' No sooner was one silenced than there was 'another Richmond in the field.'

"Among those who took particular pains to solve for themselves the question of authorship, were President Davis, Father Ryan, Justice Lamar, and Generals Stephen D. Lee, John B. Gordon and Senator Ransom of North Carolina. I am glad that in Capt. A. B. Schell there is one living witness to the authorship, widely known, whose word and integrity no one will impugn."

Mr. Watson, will you please publish this graphic description of the incidents that led to the writing of this gem among poems? Your friend,

Wingo, Ky. MRS. I. A. WESSON.

A Boy Who Saw Lee's Surrender

In *Harper's* for October, W. G. Beyner tells of the adventures of Charles Phillips, of Richmond, a boy spy of the Civil War. Not the least interesting of these experiences is the tale of how the boy saw the great war ended.

"With the Federal occupation there was at once government employment for the Phillipses in the post quartermaster's department, work which to Charlie was a sharp and sudden contrast to the days of secret service—work that gave abundant promise of fast becoming routine, and that, too, while there still was fighting, desperate fighting, to the west of Richmond. He had 'gone everywhere on God's footstool for others,' now just this once let him go somewhere for himself! He 'borrowed a horse from "Uncle Samuel,"' and rode off to his holiday. For the last time he would see a battle!

"He was hunting for it when he slowly rode into the little town of Appomattox; he had come too late for battles. He saw General Grant and a large party of officers ride up to one of the houses and enter. Scarce knowing why, he lingered. The front yard and the roadway were filed with horses held by orderlies. 'Gen'ral Lee's in there!' they told him. Some of the citizens of the town had come over to see what was going on. One or two of the bolder, perhaps friends of Wilmer McLean, the house-owner, went up on the porch, and then entered the hall and peeped into the room which that day became historic. Charlie Phillips followed. He saw a small room crowded with officers; he saw General Grant seated at one table, at another General Lee. An officer to whom he had once carried a message recognized him and nodded. In his excitement the boy scarcely saw him. It is one of his most poignant regrets that he could never remember which officer spoke to him. He dared take but one hurried look about the room then tiptoed out into the yard again and waited. After a long time General Lee and another gray-clad officer came out, followed by the Federals. The boy watched them ride away. It was over! He turned his own horse toward Richmond and rode, now sober, now exultant.

"It was late the next day when he reached the post quartermaster's office. He scarcely knew his father, who stood with a young Federal lieutenant, talking and laughing like a man suddenly grown years younger. His father's greeting was as though to a comrade.

"'Where you been, Charlie?' And then, without waiting for an answer, 'Did you know about Lee's surrender?' The boy's rejoinder is the epitome of his service:

"'Sure!' he said. 'I was there. I saw it.'"

Another Old Vet's Prison Experience

Having read so many letters in the Magazine written by old comrades, I decided to write a few lines of my prison experience. I was captured near Petersburg, June 16th, 1864, and was carried to Point Lookout prison. There I was sick nearly all the time. The water we had to drink did not agree with me at all. I shall never forget a dear friend, John Killebrew, who assisted me to walk around a little, late in the afternoons, and spent the last money he had to get me something to eat that I relished. We were then carried from Point Lookout to Elmira, N. Y., in September, I believe. The water there was very good. My health began to improve so much that a fellow prisoner remarked to me one day that if he had not been with me all the time, he would never have believed I was the little 'possum-jawed fellow that came there. And feeling so much better, I thought I could do something to better my condition. So I bought some meal and syrup and cooked mush and put a spoonful of syrup on each plate of mush; sold it for 5c a plate and made a little money. Then came a flood of rain which overflowed our camps, and the water was even in our houses. I had to sit on my bunk for several days till I had spent all I had made, and was a broke merchant. A Mr. Evans of Atlanta lent me 50 cents, and I went to work again, cooking apple pies, making about 75 per day. I sold all I cooked every day, and made money enough to buy such things as I needed.

The prisoners worked, some at one thing, some at another. Although it has been near a half century, my wife has some of the little trinkets I brought to her when I came home—a little box in the shape of a book, beautifully carved; also a gutta-percha ring with a set hand-shaped with a pearl in the palm; nice things for the Johnnies to make with pocket knives. I was paroled June 16, 1865, and reached home the 29th, so happy to be in Dixie.

A. J. McELMURRAY.

Tazewell, Ga.

Ries' Parker, Company B, Pennsylvania Bucktails

He's got the same ol' fiddle that he had in Sixty-one,
An' sawed from first Manassas 'til the dadburned war was done—
The same ol' singin' fiddle with the home-made bridge he fit.
That ever 'tarnal "Bucktail" that's alive remembers yit!
It's tone is jist as meller an' its bow is jist as strong
As when he used t' tune it with the "Bucktails'" rousin' song,
Or dropped it sort o' softly 'til it's croonin' seemed t' come
Like messages from loved ones that was prayin' there at hum!

Its throat is latched with leather from a army driver's line.
An' down behint its tail-piece is a wedge o' Georgy pine—
The bridge is made o' cedar that he got at Sailor's Crick.
An' the bow he made from hick-ry *out o' Mosby's walkin' stick!*—
The which gives some ideer of the part Ries' Parker played
In all this tarnal rumpus that us ol' fool soldiers made!
An' all he's got t' show for it is roomatiz an' cares,
An' little rusty button on his coat he allus wears.

Jist them—an' his ol' fiddle—that's the only thing he's got,
An' loves it more 'n medals or his pension, like as not!
Whenever he gits lonesome, then he hugs it to his chin
An' conjures up the mem'ries of the "Bucktail" boys agin

With snatches of the pieces that we
used t' like the best,
"We're comin' Father Ab'ram" an'
"My Bluecoat" an' the rest,
Untwell, if you're a "Bucktail," your
ol' mem'ry takes a jaunt
An' sets y' feelin' sorry fer unlucky
men that *wa'n't!*

As fiddles go, it's diffurnt from the
rest of 'em because
It sort o' breathes the speerit of the
days the army was—
It sort o' pleads: "Ol' comrade, where
is all them boys agin
That used t' raise their voices when I
played, an' jine in?"
It sort o' sets me musin' an' a-dream-
in' when he plays,
An' shunts my feelin's back'urds to
the other friends an' days—
But no—they're gone an' scattered—
all exceptin' me an' Ries',
An' one by one they're marchin'
through the velvet vales of peace.

JOHN D. WELLS, in *Buffalo News.*

The Battle of Virginia

Including Sharpsburg and Gettysburg

John Esten Cooke
Author of "Surrey of Eagle's Nest"

I.

Manassas

ON the night of the 17th of July, 1861, a man, standing upon the partially-constructed earthworks at Manassas, was looking towards Centreville.

This man was of medium height—thin, but muscular—with a sallow countenance, lips covered by a heavy black mustache, scant locks at the temples, and deep, dark eyes, in which might be read the slumbrous spirit of "fight" observable in the eyes of the bloodhound.

As he looked, silent and motionless, toward Centreville, something which resembled a shooting star rose slowly from the summit of the woods, described a curve, and then descended. Another followed; then another, red and baleful.

Thirty minutes afterwards the hoof-strokes of a horseman were heard; a voice asked for General Beauregard; the silent man went forward, and opening the dispatch which the courier brought, persued it with calm attention. That dispatch announced that General Bonham, commanding the advance force of the Southern army, had retired before the "Grand Army" of the United States, and was now in position upon the heights of Centreville, six miles from Manassas.

What was the "Grand Army," and upon what errand had it come? The reply to these questions would fill an octavo, but fortunately everybody can answer them without prompting. The great masses of blue soldiers—infantry, calvary, and artillery—had come to "crush the rebellion," by one great "on to Richmond;" a short, sharp, and decisive campaign was to terminate all, and the broken chain of the Union would be mended promptly by the huge clashing sledge hammer of battle.

In regard to the time required to effect this end, there was little difference of opinion at the North. One journalist wrote, "The nations of Europe may rest assured that Jeff Davis & Co. will be swinging from the

battlements of Washington, at least by the Fourth of July; we spit upon a later and longer deferred justice." Another said, "Let us make quick work; the 'rebellion.' as some people designate it, is an unborn tadpole—a 'local commotion'—a strong active pull together will do our work effectually in thirty days." A third said, "No man of sense can for a moment doubt that this much-ado-about-nothing will end in a month. The rebels, a mere band of ragamuffins, will fly like chaff before the wind of our approach."

These vaticinations had inspired the people of the North with a sort of madness. The thirst for battle and conquest burned in every vein. Vast crowds of volunteers rushed to the standard, and in their hands were placed the best and most approved weapons for the great blow to be struck at the South.

At the beginning of July this army numbered 50,000 men, and never did troops take the field more admirably equipped. Long trains of excellent rifle artillery; rifled muskets, with barrels shinning like silver; carbines, pistols, sabres; luxurious rations, preserved meats, condensed milk, coffee already ground and mingled with sugar, wines, cordials, liqueurs; while 'havelocks' to keep off the burning Southern sun, buskins to exclude the Southern dust, oilcloths to protect from Southern dews—such were some of the appliances for fighting and campaigning which the men of the Grand Army brought with them when they advanced upon Manassas.

At that place, soon to become historic, Beauregard awaited them, with 20,000 men, which he had disposed behind earthworks along the southern bank of Bull Run—a little stream which, rising in the neighborhood of Aldie, winds about amid fields and roads until it falls into the Occoquan.

We have seen that, on the 17th of July, the Grand Army had pushed forward to Centreville after Bonham, who retired before them. They had gutted Annandale and Fairfax; burned Germantown; continued their way; and now, on the night of this 17th of July, paused in front of the Centreville Heights to take breath before advancing to take the muzzels of the Southern cannon.

Beauregard was quickly in the saddle, and couriers were seen galloping in every direction, carrying orders to the various commanders. These orders were: Get the troops under arms; form line of battle; the enemy will be here at daylight.

A solitary officer at the same time left Manassas at full speed, and disappeared toward the mountains. He carried to General Johnston, facing Patterson in the Valley, the message from Beauregard: "If you wish to help me, now is the time."

Beauregard hastened then toward the front. On the way, an officer said to him:

"The battle will be here. General?"

"Yes."

"The battle of 'Bull Run.' That is a bad name."

"It is as good as 'The Cowpens.'"

At midnight the troops were in line of battle, grasping their muskets or crouching beside the cannon whose grim muzzles gleamed in the watch-fires.

Beauregard's right, under Ewell, was at Union Mills; his center under Longstreet, at Blackburn's and Mitchell's fords; his left, under Cocke and Evans, near Stonebridge, in front of whose picturesque brown arch the huge trees had been felled, forming an abattis. This line was eight miles long.

The General rode to Mitchell's ford, his centre, where, behind the cannon frowning from the embrasures above the ford and level stretch beyond, the gray infantry were lying in line of battle, in the pine thickets.

Toward daylight a dull, muffled

sound came borne upon the wind from the direction of Centreville. It was Bonham's column falling back. Then some shots resounded—the cavalry rear guard were skirmishing with the advance of the enemy.

Then, as day approached, dusky gray masses appeared beyond the stream; the rumble of artillery made the woods murmur; half an hour afterwards Bonham was within the lines.

As broad day dawned, a sudden roar came from the hill beyond the stream—Kemper's battery, which had just saluted the advancing enemy, came back at a gallop—the signal gun of the first Manassas had been fired.

An hour afterwards the Grand Army was in face of Beauregard—their splendid cavalry was seen opening right and left, and unmasking their superb artillery—a thundering salvo came, the shell tearing through the trees, and blowing up caissons—the drama had begun.

The minute details of that great struggle would fill many pages. They must be summed up here—the main points only touched upon. From the prologue we hasten to the hurrying tragedy. The first design of General McDowell, commanding the Federal Army, was to turn the Southern right. "My personal reconnoissance of the roads to the South," he wrote, "had shown that it was not practicable to carry out the *original plan* of turning the enemy's position on their right . . The alternative, therefore, was to turn the extreme left of his position." What is called "The Battle of the Eighteenth" showed General McDowell the impracticable nature of his first design.

This was scarcely more than a skirmish, but an obstinate one. Longstreet was there at Blackburn's ford, with 1,200 muskets—the troops occupying the level, low grounds, unprotected, except by a sort of elongated mole hill which they had thrown up with their bayonets. Behind this they were lying down. On the opposite side of the stream, the ground was high, wooded and excellent for attack. The advance force of the enemy occupying it was about 3,000 infantry with artillery.

At ten o'clock the attack began, under cover of an artillery fire, and Longstreet's advance was speedily driven across the stream. Then the enemy pressed forward with cheers.

But they gained nothing. They were met by a close and destructive fire of musketry, and fell back. Then they charged again, and were again repulsed. They charged a third time, nearly gained the bank, but were driven back at the point of the bayonet, and retired.

Longstreet, calm, silent, and smoking his cigar, went to his artillery on the slope in rear, and directed the "duel" which now began between the opposing guns. His battery was the "Washington Artillery" of New Orleans, and it fired superbly. After four years' fighting, in half a hundred battles, it attained no greater skill than it displayed in this first action. As the guns now opened, and the enemy replied—their shell tearing down the limbs of trees, and screaming like unloosed devils—the infantry, crouching in the plain, looked up with a sort of wondering, childish curiosity. When a sudden crash across the stream was heard, and a cloud of smoke rose from a blown-up caisson, they laughed and cheered like schoolboys.

The assault on Longstreet showed that Beauregard's right could not be turned. As to his centre, at Mitchell's ford, there was even less hope of breaking through the earthworks bristling with cannon, behind which, in the pines, were drawn up long lines of bayonets. Even if the blue masses were able to sweep over these sullen war-dogs, awaiting with grim muzzles and burning port-fires, like the glare of red eyes, they would find still in their path, beyond, that obstinate hedge of steel

behind which the lightning slumbered. The centre—on the straight road to Manassas—was thus even less "practicable" than the right. The left only remained.

It was to the left that the brave and skillful McDowell turned his eyes. There is no evidence that he was disheartened. He had about 50,000 infantry, nine regiments of cavalry, and twelve batteries of rifled artillery, numbering forty-nine guns. Beauregard had 21,833 muskets, twenty-nine pieces of artillery, almost all smooth-bore, and about three companies of cavalry—for Johnston, it must be remembered, had not yet arrived. Thus McDowell could bring more than two to one of all arms, against his adversary.

Does any reader question the accuracy of this statement? We reply that General Beauregard is our authority. His own numbers he states officially; the enemy's he states upon Federal authority.

It will thus be understood that General McDowell did not despair. As to the army, and the great crowd of camp-followers, they would have regarded the expression of a doubt as to the ultimate result, a species of insult. Never did a stranger or more motley rout than that crowd of hangers-on assemble in the wake of an army. A ship leaves foam in its wake as it moves—the Grand Army seemed to carry with it a great mass of scum. Editors, idlers, Congressmen, correspondents, ladies even, flocked to Centreville as to a festival. None seemed to regard it as a festival of death at all, but rather as a day of carnival. While waiting for the thunder from "the mysterious Virginia woods," the crowd moved to and fro, ruffled its plumes, rustled its silks, drank its champagne, cracked its jests, made its bets, and speculated upon the delightful jaunt it would make to Richmond, after riding over the battle-field, strewed with the rebel dead—once their brethren.

Does any reader say that this is rhetoric—mere fancy? And is anybody offended at the picture? Alas! it is true; and whether it pleases or offends matters little. Truth is no respecter of events or persons, and is her own vindication. It was the late Mr. Lincoln who uttered that profound and solemn maxim, worthy of the great monarch of the Jews—"You cannot avoid history!"

That singular spectacle took place on Friday and Saturday, the 19th and 20th of July. Gen. McDowell had no part in it. There is a personage more bitter, bloody, and implacable than the soldier; it is the civilian. The Federal commander had too great a weight upon his shoulders to laugh and caper. The great problem was unsolved: Beauregard was still in his path; the perilous flank movement of the United States forces against the Confederate left absorbed McDowell's whole attention.

On the southern side of Bull Run the aspect of affairs had undergone a great change. The officer sent to Johnston had killed his horse, but he had delivered his message in time. By noon on Saturday, the 20th, the bulk of Johnston's "Army of the Shenandoah"—about 8,000 men—was at Manassas. At midnight, Johnston, the cold, calm, silent Virginian, was consulting with Beauregard, the fiery, but self-possessed and reticent Creole. Upon the tanned and ruddy face of Johnston, with its English side-whiskers, its fixed gray eye, and iron mouth, as upon the brunette countenance of Beauregard with its "fighting jaw," broad brow, and eyes inflamed by watching, was seen by those around them, the expression of a firm and moveless purpose.

That was, to deliver battle where they were, to put all upon the issue, and to drive the enemy back, or die.

An army leader should have the spring of the tiger, and the obstinate hold of the bull-dog. It is not mere

eulogy but truth to say that the Virginian and the Louisianian had both—the first more of the last—the last more of the first.

At two hours past midnight—that is to say, toward dawn of Sunday, July the 21st, couriers reached Manassas with important intelligence. A reconnoissance beyond the stream, in front of Stonebridge, had developed the fact that General McDowell was massing his army on the Warrenton road, leading from Centreville across Stonebridge, toward the South, and that every probability existed of an attack in force, at an early hour in the morning, upon the Confederate left.

Sitting in a private room of the small house at Manassas, which Beauregard then occupied as his headquarters, the two generals listened to this intelligence, dismissed every one, consulted, and determined upon their plan of action.

It was simple, and was suggested by Beauregard—that active, vigorous and trenchant mind of cultivated acumen and trained genius. As soon as the movements of the enemy had fully established the design attributed to them to turn the Southern left flank, the Confederate right and centre was to throw itself across Bull Run, advance straight upon Centreville, assail the Federal forces in flank and reverse, and cut off, break to pieces, and capture or destroy them.

This movement required coolness, nerve, and skill. Ewell, Longstreet and Bonham were relied on. At four o'clock the plan was all arranged; orders were sent to the commanders of the right and centre to hold their troops in hand to move upon the enemy at a moment's warning; then the two Generals waited, watching the day as it slowly dawned beyond the belt of woods.

It was ushered in with a low, continuous thunder, in the direction of Stonebridge; and above the treetops rose those clouds of snowy smoke which mark the field of battle.

What was the origin of that menacing cloud, which shone against the blue sky, lit by the first beams of day?

The reply is easy.

During the entire night, General McDowell had been moving. Leaving behind him at Centreville a rear guard of 15 or 20,000 men, he had pushed his main body forward, over a narrow and almost unknown road, through the sombre depths of the "Big Forest," emerged from its shadow, and was now hastening forward to deliver the gigantic blow which his active brain had planned in his tent at Centreville.

His plan was excellent; while Hunter and Heintzelman, with their strong divisions, pushed for Sudley ford, beyond the Confederate left, strong bodies were to take position opposite Stonebridge, Red House, and other fords, with orders to divert the attention of Beauregard by heavy demonstrations, as though designing then to pass the stream. Under cover of these feints, the column of Hunter was to cross at Sudley; sweep down, clearing in succession every ford, the forces opposite were then to pass over—thus a body of about 40,000 men would be concentrated at sunrise on the Southern bank of Bull Run, directly upon Beauregard's left flank.

Then the game would be as good as won. The Confederates were scattered all along the stream over a distance of eight miles, and several hours would be required to concentrate a sufficient body near Stonebridge. But before that could be done, the issue would be decided. Falling like lightning upon the southern flank, General Hunter had it in his power to drive before him all resistance; Beauregard must hastily evacuate his works, and fall back upon Manassas; then a battle of two against one—the one retreating hastily, the two pursuing hotly.

Such was Hunter's plan, and it seemed at daylight sure of success. His column pushed on steadily; passed Bull Run and the little Catharpin; moved still on, without pausing; and at half past eight was almost in sight of the Confederate left.

What was that left?

The reply will sound ludicrous. It was 1,100 men, and four smooth-bore 6-pounders.

One thing, it is true, counted. The infantry were Alabamians, Mississippians, and Georgians, commanded by such men as Wheat. The artillery were Virginians, commanded by that *brave*, Gray Latham. The whole was led by Evans, that veritable grizzly bear, with the shaggy beard, the flashing eyes, who was to inflict upon the enemy three months from this day, the bloody disaster of Ball's Bluff.

He was opposite Stonebridge, and the Federal force across the stream had duly made the demonstrations ordered, both with infantry and artillery. A swarm of sharpshooters had made repeated feints to cross, firing rapidly as they did so; and the rattle of these popguns, mingled with the roar of the Federal artillery, completely diverted Evans' attention from the thunderbolt about to fall upon his rear, from the direction of Sudley.

It was nearly nine o'clock before that approaching fate sent its long, warning shadow on before, to his position near the bridge. Then the whole extent of the mortal peril menacing him became obvious. A mounted man came at a thundering gallop to announce that a great host of the enemy were closing in upon his rear to crush his little force like an egg-shell.

Evans acted as he always did—like the heart of oak he was. Taking 800 of his 1,100 infantry, and two of his four 6-pounders, he hurried to the scene of danger, and at a point on the Sudley-Brentsville road, west of the Stone House, struck full against the front of Hunter.

A single glance revealed the whole extent of the danger. Directly before the 800 men and two guns of Evans, were the 16,000 men of Hunter, with seven companies of cavalry, and twenty-four pieces of rifled artillery. Opposite Red House ford, the force of General Keyes was seen about to cross; that at Stonebridge was closing in; more than 30,000 men would soon be opposed to less than 1,000; but it was necessary to meet them and arrest them, or die.

No other course was left. Beauregard must have time to concentrate his forces near Stonebridge; a new line of battle must be formed, time must be purchased with blood. The little force of Southerners went forward to the struggle as the three hundred of Leonidas took up the post between the walls of Thermopylæ.

The war was fruitful in heroic deeds but it offers no braver spectacle than this. Hope must have veiled her face for that band of heroes—the grave yawned before them. For what possibility of victory for them was there? How could that atom arrest for a single instant the mighty war machine rolling on to crush it?

A commander of weak nerves might have asked himself that question. It never occurred to Evans. He placed his 6-pounders on the hill in his rear; drew up his men; and received with the obstinacy of a bull-dog the furious assault of the enemy.

It was the 2nd Rhode Island Infantry, supported by six 13-pound rifles, which led the charge; and opposed to them were the men of the 4th Alabama. The lines delivered their selected volleys almost breast to breast, and an instant the field was one great cloud of smoke, from which rose cheers, yells, groans, mingled with thunder.

From that moment the conflict be-

came one of enormous bitterness, and the Federal forces fought with a gallantry which achieved the best results. Evans fought like a tiger, but his thin line was almost annihilated by the concentrated fire of musketry and cannon, hurled upon it. Wheat fell, and was borne from the field; all around Evans, raging like a wild boar, his men were falling. Step by step, he was forced back, torn and bleeding, before the masses rushing upon him.

Still the thought of retreat did not occur to him. It was necessary to fight until reinforcements came, holding that precious ground. If he could not hold it, then it was necessary to die. Blood was dear, but time was beyond all estimate.

Soon the moment came, however, when all was plainly over—when a handful of Southerners only remained, and the conflict was no longer possible. The enemy pressed on with cheers. Evans was forced back, fighting desperately at every step—when all at once the expected reinforcements came. Descending rapidly from the Henry House hill in his rear were seen the 4,000 men of Bee and Bartow—and reaching the field, General Bartow took command; formed line of battle, and threw himself like an athlete against the victorious enemy. The conflict which followed was a war of giants. Bee had under him, besides Evans' remnant, four regiments and four guns. To this the enemy opposed eight brigades and their great force of cavalry and artillery. But now more than ever it was necessary to hold that ground, for Beauregard was moving, and Bee was the one of ten thousand for the work before him.

From the moment of his arrival the thunders of battle redoubled. It was a trained and full-armed gladiator, however small of stature, which threw himself against the Federal Goliath; and the conflict was long, desperate, of great ferocity.

"I salute the 8th Georgia with my hat off," said Beauregard, afterwards, as the bleeding survivors passed him. "History shall never forget you."

But with Bee, as with Evans, the moment of fate was to come. The force before him was too ponderous. No blows against it told. The hammer was shattered by the anvil.

By main force of merciless fusillades, the storms of shell and canister, the Southern lines were, man by man, swept to perdition. The ground was drenched in blood; the air was a sulphur-cloud; the thin line staggered to and fro, having bid farewell to hope. Then an incident as ludicrous as tragic came to finish all. From Red House ford the brigades of Sherman were seen pressing forward to envelop the right flank of the main band of Southerners. It was a giant closing his huge hand upon a fly—a sledge-hammer raised to crush an insect. In thirty minutes Bee saw that his brigade would be annihilated; and with bitterness of heart he gave the order to retire toward the high ground in his rear.

At the word, the gray line fell back, fighting still, but in disorder, and with little spirit. The men were brave—never were soldiers braver than those Georgians, Alabamians and Mississippians—but they saw that hope had deserted them; and only the trained troops of many battles fight when every chance of victory has disappeared.

Bee saw with unutterable anguish that the retreat was every instant threatening to become a panic-stricken flight. But he could not check it. In vain did he ride, sword in hand, through the "fire of hell" which swept his lines, beseeching the men to fall back in good order, and not fly. His voice was unheard, or his orders unheeded. The merciless volleys from the Federal infantry tore all to pieces; the hurricane of canister swept, as with the besom of destruction, the whole field over which the men were scatterng, mere fugitives.

It was at this instant—when Bee was mastered by a sort of fury of despair, and his men in hopeless rout—that the glitter of bayonets was seen beyond the Henry House hill. Plunging the spurs into his horse, Bee went to meet them, and found himself face to fact with a soldier in an old gray coat, riding a bay horse. A yellow cadet drooped above the forehead of this personage. Under its rim a pair of dark eyes glittered.

Bee, covered with dust and sweat, his horse foaming, his drawn sword in his hand, stopped suddenly in front of the silent man.

"General, they are beating us back," he groaned.

And he pointed with his sword to the huge blue masses which were pressing his disordered troops, with that continuous and mortal fire.

Jackson looked in the direction indicated. Not a feature moved. Then his eye flashed: a slight color came to his cheek, and he said, in a calm, brief voice:

"Sir, we will give them the bayonet."

There are words which, however quietly uttered, may ring in the ears of men like the blast of a bugle. These of Jackson ran thus in the ears of Bee. Without reply, he plunged the spurs into his horse, went back at a gallop to his broken lines, and pointing with his sword to Jackson, shouted:

"Look! there is Jackson standing like a stone wall! Let us determine to die here, and we will conquer."

His men thrilled at these noble words, vibrating in the air above them like the sound of a clarion; shouts answered them; the lines were partially restored; and once more holding in his strong, brave grasp, that battered and splintered, but sharp and tempered weapon, his brigade—Bee took position on the right of Jackson, halting and facing the great masses pressing on to crush him.

Then was witnessed a spectacle which made the pulses thrill. It was that presented by the 600 men of Hampton, meeting front to front, on the Warrenton road, the whole brigade of Keyes, and driving them back. The stubborn blood of a race of thoroughbreds fought in the veins of Wade Hampton, as it fought thereaftetr upon many memorable fields.

There are men whose characters, like their faces, "dare you to forget." Such a man was Hampton, nor will the South forget him.

But the moment came for him, as it had come for Evans; as it had come for Bee. Flanked on the left, his line swept by a furious fire of artillery posted near the Old Stone House, Hampton was compelled to fall back in order to escape annihilation. He did so in good order; took a position on the right, like Bee—then Jackson, with his two thousand, six hundred and eleven muskets, moved slowly, unshaken, silent as some approaching fate.

In twenty minutes he had formed line of battle under the eastern crest of Henry House hill. In front of his men, lying down to escape the storm sweeping over them, the quiet figure of the Virginian was seen riding to and fro, his lips repeating calmly, "steady, boys! steady, all's well!" In front of his line two guns, which he had just posted there, were steadily firing.

That moment was the turning point of the battle of Manassas. Had the enemy rushed on, they would have swept the hill, and snatched the palm of victory; for nearly 30,000 infantry, and about 30 pieces of artillery, besides a regiment of cavalry, were there, right in front of less than 5,000 Southerners.

They did not attack in force for more than an hour. Then we were ready.

Johnston and Beauregard—the latter directing operations under the former, his superior—had determined to fight the decisive battle here. Why? From one of those fatalities which prove to

men what puppets in the hands of Providence they are.

The officer sent to order the right and centre to move upon the enemy's rear at Centreville, had failed to deliver the order, or had delivered it too late. The right, under Ewell, moved; the centre, under Bonham, remained in the trenches. Thus the golden moment passed—the hand upon the dial of destiny points to "too late." Johnston and Beauregard went on their foaming horses in the direction of Stonebridge.

There the opposing lines were about to grapple in a mortal struggle. The fate of a continent seemed about to be decided upon the slope of the Henry House hill, amid those clumps of pines and green cornfields above which hovered the lurid cloud of battle. Thunder, lightning and tempest, seemed to have reached their utmost fury, in the midst of smoke, dust, blood, uproar—the diabolical bass of artillery, and the crashing treble of musketry—the blue and gray lines were about to rush together, like two wild animals drunk with blood, and bent on tearing each other to pieces.

Johnston was and is, and ever will be, a brave soldier—a fighter no less than a general. He seized the colors of the 4th Alabama, shouted to the men to follow him, and plunged with that deadly burden into the gulf of battle. The men followed him with wild, mad cheers, and the Alabamians were good, from that instant, for a conflict as desperate as the first.

Beauregard was galloping up and down the lines, with his drawn sword in his hand. In his black eyes burned the hard-fighting Creole blood; his sallow cheeks were flushed—at that moment, as he darted to and fro, calling on the troops to die there in defence of their homes and altars, it was one of the great Marshalls of the Empire rallying the Old Guard of Napoleon.

In thirty minutes the broken and disheartened lines of Bee and Evans were as firm as rock again. Hampton was by them, cool and composed as ever; on the left were some companies which had hastened from below—and in the centre was Jackson, a stonewall backed by a steel hedge of bayonets.

Hitherto, the writer of this page has stated facts, in regard to which there is no controversy. They are not only history, but accepted history. What followed the arrival of Johnston and Beauregard is reported diversely. The latter officer reports that Jackson charged twice, being driven in the first charge, from the hill. Johnston, Hampton, Pendleton, and Jackson himself, state that he charged but once, and was never driven from the hill. We follow Johnston, Hampton, Pendleton and Jackson.

This latter won on this occasion his sobriquet of "Stonewall"—he also won the enthusiastic admiration of his men. Wounded in the hand, he wrapped it in a handkerchief, and forgot it. Surrounded by hurry and excitement, he remained as cool as ice.

"General!" exclaimed an officer, "I think the day is going against us!"

Jackson looked sidewise at the speaker. Then in his short, calm voice, he replied:

"If you think so, sir, you had better say nothing about it."

Riding slowly up and down, he waited—unconscious wholly, it seemed, of the terrible fire amid which he moved. He had ordered his four regiments to remain lying down, in line of battle, behind the guns, until the enemy arrived within about seventy-five yards of them, when they were to rise, and "charge with the bayonet."

Soon the moment came. The Federal forces had swept on, gained the plateau of the Henry House, and now their rear was seen to close up; their heavy masses were rapidly formed for a headlong charge. The great swarm seemed to concentrate: the blue lines presented a front, broad, deep and terrible, with its

bristling bayonets; then all at once, with redoubled thunders of musketry and cannon, they were hurled aganist the Confederate front.

The assault was met with the bayonet. Rising suddenly from the pines, the Viriginians, under Jackson, fired a volley, and rushed up the slope. With shouts, cheers, mad yells, the blue and gray lines clashed, fighting desperately for the possession of the plateau.

In ten minutes the Southerners had swept the Federal forces back, and gained it. Then the question was—could they hold it?—and one of the bloodiest conflicts, of a war as bloody as any in history, took place on the slope of that hill.

Jackson did not move, or flinch. It was a veritable stone wall which he presented to his foes, but a wall that still advanced, step by step, as inexorable as destiny.

On his right and left some of the bravest gentlemen of the South were fighting, falling, and dying. One—a boy, and a private—exclaimed, as they carried him expiring from the field:

"They've done for me now, but my father's there yet!—our army's there yet!—and liberty's there yet!"

Hampton, charging with his legion near the Henry House, was shot and fell.

Bee fell, struck down at the head of his brave troops, grasping the sword which South Carolina had presented to him.

Bartow, who had said: "I shall go into that fight with a determination never to leave the field alive, but in victory," was shot through the heart while leading the Seventh Georgia, and died exclaiming:

"They've killed me, but never give up the field!"

But, in spite of the fall of their leaders, the troops pressed on. Jackson had rooted himself firmly in the soil of the plateau, and now, as the right and left wings closed up, and preserved his flanks from danger, he made his great advance. In the midst of the furious hurricane, which had now reached its wldest intensity, he dressed his line, placed himself in front, and fell, like a thunderbolt, upon the Federal centre.

An instant decided all. The centre was pierced; the two wings of the United States army separated, and as Jackson's brigade, supported, shoulder to shoulder, by the South Carolinians of Hampton, the North Carolinians of Fisher, the Georgians, Alabamians, Mississippians and other troops of the various commanders; as these rolled forward, like a wave of iron, and pressed the Federal right, centre and left, the troops of General McDowell were thrown into disorder; then they gave way; then they broke; then were seen flying, with the shouting Confederates pursuing them.

This was the end of the struggle. It is true that the Federal comander formed a new line of battle, in the shape of a crescent, extending along the ridge in the rear of the Old Stone House; but his men could not be brought again to the work.

Early assailed their right; the 1,700 men of that good soldier, Kirby Smith, fell on their flank; then the struggle was over.

The Federal army, which had advanced that morning in all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war, was no longer anything but a mass of fugitives; and, setting his horse upon the battle-field, General Stonewall Jackson said:

"Give me ten thousand me, and I will be in Washington tonight!"

Such was Manassas—the first great fight of the terrible American Civil War. I have endeavored to describe the mortal struggle with the fairness of truth itself, not with rancour or bitterness. Alas! grief supplants hatred when I think of that battle; for the night of the action fell dark as a funeral pall upon the corpses of more than one

friend whom I dearly loved, and still mourn.

I have described the battle. I would not like to undertake a description of the retreat—of that tragic spectacle of human beings mastered by a frightful panic—of masses torn by shot and bursting shell—of men rolling, crushed beneath the wheels of their own artillery—of others throwing away guns, knapsacks, oilcloths, swords, hats, coats, every object which was calculated to impede their flight to the sheltering ramparts of Washington.

Let others elaborate that sombre and terrible picture; and Russell has elaborated it, painting it in lugubrious colors.

It is enough to say here that, on the evening of the 21st of July, 1861, the "Grand Army" of the United States which had been persuaded by its friends, and honestly believed, that it would march without difficulty through Virginia to Richmond—it was enough to say that this splendid army was in hopeless rout. Its pride was all broken; its flowers had disappeared before the scythe of death; it was the unripe fruit which fades before the summer.

We shall meet hereafter with battles as desperate, and more bloody, but with none which possess the tragic interest of this one.

It was the death-wrestle of two great races, and one fell, it seemed, never to rise again. But that hope was vain. The fallen grew stronger—the conqueror weaker.

At Gettysburg, in July, 1863, the mighty gladiators seemed of nearly equal strength.

At Petersburg, in April, 1865, the world saw that the victor at Manassas, Fredericksburg, Cold Harbor, Chancellorsville, was tottering, feeble, faint.

It was not until the 9th of April, at Appomattox Court House, that the explanation of this phenomenon was given.

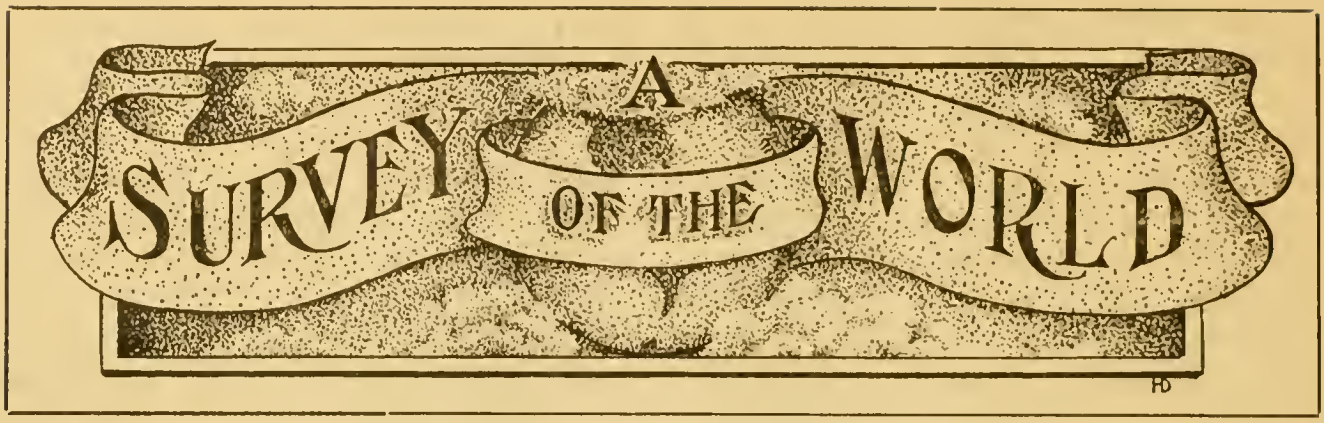
The Southern army was not conquered; it was starving to death.

Watching for the Morn

Alonzo Rice

I watch and wait and hope that He who brings
Order from out disorder will knit up at last
These raveled remnants; into my cup will cast
The pearl of joy, and softly touch the strings
That throb too much of earth and earthly things;
Letting all be as a tale long told and past;
While I shall view the desert wide and vast,
From shadowy rocks beside the cooling springs.

Along the dim sweet trail of summer rains,
That left for others unaccustomed bloom,
Have sprung for me the nettle and the thorn;
Grant me, oh! God, a spirit that still maintains
Patience; gild the great heights that loom,
With the splendor of deliverance's morn.



By THE EDITOR

THE most striking fact of the day is the universal unrest that pervades the world. Everywhere there is dissatisfaction. The governing classes have overdone it. They have made the load of taxation too heavy. They have been too greedy for power. They have not held their high positions as trustees of the people. They have been wasteful, arrogant, tyrannical. They have been corrupt and immoral. They have lost the love and the respect of the masses. Their loathsome scandals have disgusted everybody; and their weakness causes them to be despised. Hence, everywhere, the oppressed are in revolt against the oppressors. In China, in Spain, in Russia, in Germany, in England, in Hindoostan, in Turkey, we find the same profound repugnance to existing conditions.

Symptoms world-wide must be due to a world-wide cause; and that cause is, Bad Government.

* * *

In this country, the same discontent prevails. The average man knows that the Government is run by the rich for their own greater enrichment. Laws are made for the scarcely-concealed purpose of taking the produce of one class and giving it to another. Taxes are laid on what a man needs and must buy. Law-made Trusts rob the consumers. Offices are increased by the thousand and salaries enlarged from year to year. There is one office-holder to every 50 tax-payers—not to mention soldiers and sailors. The Federal Government alone will spend more money this year than the cotton crop, seed and all, will be worth. Under our infernal system of putting the heaviest taxes on the necessaries of life, the common man has no more chance to lay by a competency than he would have to win, against loaded dice, or a cold deck. The system was created for the purpose of shearing the lambs, and it does so to perfection.

* * *

Why not impose a Federal tax on incomes and inheritances? *That* would penalize thrift and encourage perjury, so say such millionaires as Carnegie. To put a tax of 250 per cent upon a cheap overcoat, and one of 165 per cent. on blankets, does not penalize thrift—according to such men as Carnegie. Unfortunately, our Presidents adopt the Carnegie view and the vast weight of that office is thrown against equitable taxation.

THE Insurgent Republicans are not letting any grass grow under their feet. They have held a national conference, in Chicago, and have formed the plan of campaign. They are aggressively pushing the fight of aft. Their candidate will no dout be Senator La-Follette. As yet, no one has been men-

tioned for the second place on the ticket.

The unlimited money that will be at the command of Mr. Taft's managers, and the patronage which can be dispensed, will probably assure his renomination. The Southern delegations to the Republican National Convention will be composed largely of negroes. These can be bought. Therefore, I think it certain the moneyed interests will purchase another nomination for their devoted Taft.

But I do not believe that he can be re-elected.

AT the gorgeous jubilee of Cardinal Gibbons a political speech was delivered by Archbishop Ireland. This prelate virtually notifid every Roman Catholic that Mr. Taft was to be supported by the Roman Catholic voters. Especial reference was made to the manner in which Mr. Taft treated the friars in the Philippines. Lands which they had bamboozled the natives out of, and which the sworn testimony proved to be worth $5,000,000, were bought by Mr. Taft for $7,000,000; and athough the winesses assured him that the lands could be divided into small lots and sold at a profit. He and his Attorney-General, *and his brother*, have delivered these lands to the Sugar Trust for less money than he paid the friars. He bought for about $18.00 per acre, and sold for about $9.00.

THE Hague Tribunal and the advocates of peace treaties must be feeling somewhat awkward. At the very time that war seemed about to be made impossible, Italy pounced upon Turkey and a great revolt broke out in China. The Turks were caught napping. Almost without any resistance Italy seized upon Tripoli, which lies opposite to her on the coast of Africa. The only valid ground for this war is that Italy wanted Tripoli and saw a good chance to grab it. As other European nations have been doing the same thing, none of them can seriously object to what the Italians have done.

* * *

The great wall of China is one of the vast futilities of human labor. Built by the unwarlike Chinese to keep the wild Tartar tribes out, it has been of little practical value. The marauding hordes of the North were constantly pouring into China, the last of her conquerors being the present Manchu Dynasty, which has ruled the country fo about 500 yars. It took the Spaniards 800 years to overthrow the Moors, but the antagonism of race and creed ended at last in the expulsion of the dark-skinned invaders. In China, the native population is rising against the Tartar usurpers, and there are indications that the revolt will be completely successful, in which case the Chinese will set up a republic. So cleverly have the leaders managed the revolutionary movement that foreign nations have not been given any excuse for intervention. Foreign persons' property have been protected, no missionary has been harmed, as in the Boxer uprising a few years ago.

THE trial of the McNamaras in Los Angeles continues to drag its slow length along. Some predict that a jury cannot be obtained before the end of the year. In that event, it would probably take the whole of 1912 to try the indicted men. Some of the jurors, attorneys and witnesses will perhaps depart this life before the trials are finally ended.

It is to be regretted that the case has assumed the character of a pitched battle between Capital and Labor. It will not be tried on its merits, nor decided upon the evidence. Class hatred is being worked up to the highest pitch; and when the jury shall have been selected, its complexion will indicate the verdict.

MR. TAFT has decided to prolong his junket to 17,000 miles. He has talked a vast deal, but has not said much. Least of all has he explained who were the men that exerted the "tremendous pressure" in behalf of the Jesuit, White. The people have a right to know who it is that exercises such a secret, irresistable influence over President Taft. I hope that Mr. Bryan will continue to press the point. As Bryan says, Mr. Taft has packed the Supreme Court until it is a Trust affair.

IT was a stunning blow to the cotton-growers when the price tumbled to less than nine cents. Nothing else declined in price. Sugar advanced, so did coffee; all other staple goods remained about the same. Why, then, did cotton drop more than $20 a bale?

An asinine ex-Senator, Marion Butler, declares that cotton went down because the Democrats captured Congress and began to threaten the tariff on cotton. Why, then, did not wools and woolens decline in price? The Democrats attacked both raw wool and the duties on all woolen goods, but the price did not tumble. None of the articles on the Famers' Free-list bill have gone down. None of the commodities which were to be affected by Canadian Reciprocity have declined.

My own belief is that cotton fell so phenomenally because of a conspiracy against it, formed by the Morgan Money Trust and the Arkwright club of New England. Of course, European spinners may have been in on the deal. Considering what it cost to make and gather the crop, together with reasonable interest on the money invested, and an allowance for management, there is no profit to the grower of the cotton crop of 1911.

* * *

A futher evidence that the low price of cotton is not due to the attempt of the Democrats to reduce the outrageously high tariff on cotton is, the ruinously low prices of 1905-6, when the Democrats were not in power, in either branch of Congress, when "the Bears" were in full control. During the selling season of that year, Theodore Price, the Bear leader, threatened to run the price down to 5 cents. The law of supply and demand did not control. Speculators did. And the Government did not bother these speculators who had combined to restrain trade *against* the farmers.

DR. Harvey Wiley, the Pure Food expert, won a great victory over his enemies, Wickersham, Wilson, McCabe and Dunlap.

It seems astounding that unscrupulous business men who systematically adulterate and poison the food supply of the people should have such a "pull" with the Government, that they can continue their nefarious practices year in and year out. Nevertheless, it was proven by unimpeachable evidence that Secretary Wilson, Solicitor McCabe and Dr. Dunlap thwarted Dr. Wiley at every turn, giving to food poisoners the powerful protection of the Government.

Dr. Dunlap has been given a "vacation;" McCabe has resigned from the Board of Food and Drug Inspection, *but still retains his Solicitorship.* Therefore, he is in position to do a great deal to obstruct Dr. Wiley in the administration of the Pure Food law.

THAT was a notable victory which Radicalism won in California at the October, 1911 election. Woman's equal right to vote, the recall of officers, including judges, and the initiative and referendum. The states which now have woman's suffrage are Washington, Idaho, Wyoming, Utah and Colorado. To these add California, where the reform was adopted by a slender majority.

WHAT is the cause of the stream of emigration that is taking the North-western farmers of our country and settling them in South-eastern Canada? It has already deprived us of hundreds of thousands of our most useful citizens. Why are Europeans and Asiatics coming to these United States as a refuge from bad government, at the same time that Americans are selling out and moving away? The phenomena is such as to put serious men to donning their thinking caps. What is the cause of this emigration? What will be its influence upon the future of our country? How can it be stopped?

* * *

One of our most independent and fearless thinkers, the editor of the Seattle (Wash.) *Patriarch*, devotes a column to this perplexing phenomena, and his views are original and perhaps sound. He says in part:

"*Canada today* occupies the very same position, relatively to the United States as Venice did to Rome during the Decline and Fall. The relative difference materially and morally in Canada being far superior to that of Venice to Rome.

"When the Decline and Fall of Rome took place the very same 'degenerate conditions' that are popular in the United States today were popular in Rome.

"Who can arrest this popular depravity?

"There is the *vital element*—the *vital spark* left amongst the people that made the United States of America, still in existence—who can organize it?

"The telegraph and the telephone have annihilated space so that concentration today is comparatively easy. It is easier to organize the whole of the United States today than it was to organize one state fifty years ago.

"The blasted daily press will not do it (but they could), the churches are too corrupt to do it, the schools (diploma factories, I mean) are too damn presumptuous and isolated to attempt to do it—they are filled with the contemptible ambition to demonstrate their superior intelligence and cunning, but none of them seek to present the *MASCULINE IDEAL CHARACTER WITHOUT ALLOY*. Their only ideal of masculinity is *violence* represented in the gladiator with his punch bags, his baseball bat, and the football—even the great national game of baseball cultivates physical ferocity and 'mental cunning.' When cunning becomes an ideal, nobility withers and dies. There is not a noble attribute in the whole game of baseball. It teaches nothing but *violence* in both mind and body. This being a fact, it is no wonder that 'violence is an ideal' in all walks of action. Our industrial life is filled with violence, so much so that we murder and maim more people annually than all the rest of the world combined. This is not to be wondered at for we are a nation or 'race suiciders,' and a people who will murder their offspring before it is born will have but little regard for human life after it is born. There is no escape from this! We are a doomed people unless a vigorous effor is made *at once* to redeem masculine virtue. If this is not done, thoughtful people can see quite plainly that our finale as a nation will be reached in less than a hundred years, and the nations of the world will sit in judgement upon us, and their verdict will be: 'Felo-de-se.' He who can stay the exodus into Canada is the man of the hour.

"The land of liberty has become a land of bondage, and the people are fleeing from bondage. They need no Moses to lead them, but we need a Moses to *stay the exodus*.

"In the recent election held in Canada we learn that it was Americans who have crossed the border by the hundreds of thousands in the past few years who were the most pronounced against anything American. They had escaped

from American bondage, and they did not pupose to let the American Pharaoh pursue them with his power into their new land of Canaan.

"The very fact of the Canadian press publishing, as they did, during the campaign, our *effeminate rottenness*, which dominates America, shows distinctly that it was our moral conditions which they despised more than it was any material interest either one way or the other.

"Again we repeat, take care of the moral then the material will almost take care of itself. We in America, for the past half a century, have used our utmost to build up 'material grandeur', and we have *let the moral take care of itself*. The consequence is that hypocrites are in possession of the churches, and their moral progeny, the demagogues, are in political power.

"This deplorable condition must be *reformed gradually*, and it must *begin at once*, for if it is permitted to continue unchecked much longer it will terminate in violence which will shock the world."

IT has always been my opinion that the reason the Nicaragua Canal route was changed, after having been agreed on by our Government was, that there were no such "pickings" possible on that route as were in sight on the Panama route.

First of all, there was the old French Company whose assets were considered worthless, and which could be bought up for a song and then unloaded on our Government. Varilla went into cahoot with some American capitalists and bought up the French company for about $2,000,000. Through a rotten but able lawyer, William Nelson Cromwell, and some of our rotten Senators, this French claim was sold to the Government for $40,000,000. This foul transaction beclouded the last days of John Hay, our Secretary of State. Mr. Roosevelt's brother-in-law, Douglas Robinson, and President Taft's brother Henry, were said to be leading figures in the huge swindle. The inside facts of the foul deal were offered to the Democratic Campaign Committee last year, but it was declined. There were *too many prominent Democrats involved.*

But *The New York World* and several other newspapers published the story and have retracted not a single fact. Yet these newspapers have never been sued for slander, or prosecuted for libel, *in suits that had undisputable jurisdiction.*

Of course, J. P. Morgan had a hand in the pie, although President Roosevelt positively asserted that he did not. It transpired that this universal buccaneer of American finance handled the entire $40,000,000.

SPEAKING to the students of the University of California, a few months ago, Mr. Roosevelt boasted of the matter, in which, while Congress had debated about Panama he "took it." This statement was true, but was too brutal to be popular. He was severely criticised; and attention was called to the extreme difference of his speech to the message he had sent to Congress when the Panama matter was pending.

Mr. Roosevelt was driven by this criticism to publish a defence of his execrable violence toward Columbia, one of our weak and friendly neighbors. Instead of standing by the facts and his "I took it" assertion, he now, once more contends that his forcible and abominable seizure of Panama was in strict accordance with the "highest, finest and nicest" of political ethics.

* * *

This new version of the story calls forth from the Consul-General of Columbia, Francisco Escobara, a very sarcastic commentary—or rather a public reply to Roosevelt's editorial. Roosevelt has not replied.

The New York *World* said:

In explaining in a recent issue of the Outlook, 'How the United States acquired the right to build the Panama Canal,' Col. Roosevelt did not explain it to the satisfaction of all citizens of Columbia. Mr. Francisco Escobar, Consul-General of Columbia, objected to his country being classified as a 'government by a succession of banditti' and a gang of blackmailers, and wrote this letter:

To Theodore Roosevelt,

Contributing Editor to the Outlook, New York City.

Sir: Former Presidents of the United States have stepped down from the highest position attainable by mortal man to again become private citizens of this great republic, and have carried with them into their retirement the dignity of their office and the respect of their fellow countrymen. You have elected a different course, and by capitalizing your Presidential prestige as the paid employee of a weekly journal, have forfeited the consideration due to the high office you once held. You can now pretend only to such respect as you as a man deserve. I say this to make it quite clear that I am addressing you as an individual, and do not wish to reflect either upon the Government or the people of the United States, for whom I have deepest respect and regard.

In a signed article purporting to show the United States acquired the right to build the Panama Canal, you use language which any decent newspaper would have hesitated to print. You say that 'Columbia had shown herself utterly incompetent to peform the ordinary governmental duties expected of a civilized state.' You refer to the Government of Columbia as 'government by a succession of banditti' and as 'archaic despotism—inefficient, bloody and corrupt,' and in summing up your actions as President you declare, 'We did harm to no one save as harm is done to a bandit by a policeman who deprives him of his chance of blackmail.'

In default of argument, such is the unseemly language you use to justify the rape of the Isthmus and refute the oft-repeated charges that you dealt unfairly with Colombia; that you violated a public treaty in which the United States had pledged its honor as a nation to guarantee the sovereignty of Colombia over the Isthums; that you recognize the fake republic of Panama in defiance of the accepted principles of international law so as to permit your friends who were interested in the Panama Canal to put though their $40,000,000 deal with the United States; that you prostituted the navy of the United States to the same end; that you—but why continue the long list of unanswered charges? Instead of answering them you hurl insults and slanders at the unfortunate country you robbed of her most valuable possession.

When you speak of blackmailers and bandits, Mr. Roosevelt, have you forgotten the ultimatum you sent to Colombia threatening her with dire results if her Senate did not ratify without amendment the "treaty" written by the attorney for the Panama Canal Company? Have you forgotten the American marines landed by Admiral Glass and sent into the Atrota region to Yavisa and Real de Santa Maria? Who was the blackmailer and the bandit then? Who has told the truth about this matter all along?

Was it you when you told Congress that the people of Panama rose literally as one man? Was it you when you boasted that you took Panama and let Congress debate? Or was it you when you wrote that your actions in this matter were as free from scandal as the public acts of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, and that every action taken was not only proper but

carried out in accordance with the highest, finest and nicest standards of public and governmental ethics?

I think Colombia can safely leave these questions to be answered by the conscience of the American people.

FRANCISCO ESCOBAR,
Consul-General of Colombia.

The Consul-General says he hasn't heard from the Colonel in reply and that he doesn't expect to. He says he intended the letter purely as a personal communication and that it is in no way official. He says further that he sent a copy of the Outlook to the President of Colombia and thinks the President will find it interesting.

The Baby Show

THE Baby Show for this month is a perfect feast, isn't it?

Aren't those "page babies" a joy to look at? We have arts, crafts and trades all represented, and the collection is a gorgeous one.

The little boy and girl on this page are splendid examples of the American youngster, and we feel unusually proud of this month's showing.

We had hoped to conclude the Baby Show in the December number, but there are still so many pictures to show, it will be January before all are published.

RUBY JANET JOHNSON,
20 months. Selma, Ala.

ROBERT LEWIS BRITT,
2 1-2 years. Springfield, Mo.

1, George Hubert Waters, Zeigler, Ga.; 2, Sarah Kathleen Tyson, nine months, Bartow, Ga.; 3, Hassie Vera Oliver Jones, six months, Crawfordville, Ga.; 4, Neppie Newport, nine months, Buena Vista, Ga.; 5, Ruth Hardaway, ten months, Lovett, Ga.; 6, John Hawthorne Bell, Jr., six months, Coker, Ala.; 7, Wilburn Algene Key, De Kalb, Miss.; 8, Little Miss Olds, five and one-half months, Elberton, Ga.; 9, Sam Dewit Davis, six months, Meridian, Miss.; 10, Willie Sue Stanton, 9 months, Conyers, Ga.; 11, Tom Watson Duncan, one year, Clairette, Texas; 12, A. O. Davis, Meridian, Miss.

1, Walter Louis Hale, eight months, Farmington, Ga.; 2, May Estes, twelve months, Melbourne, Ark.; 3, Rebecca Tatum, twenty-one months, Sylvester, Ga.; 4, Osie Jewel McLendon, eleven months, Jackson, Ga.; 5, Frank Pearce Wood, nine months, Eufaula, Ala.; 6, Bonnie Belle Crum, six months, Glosten, Miss.; 7, William Roy Buanan, eight months, Lewiston, Ga.; 8, Emma Estell Erwin, two years, ten months, Harvest, Ga.; 9, Chas. Watson Hollerman, Powder Springs, Ga.; 10, Lucy May Childs, six months, Locust Grove, Ga.; 11, Thos. E. Watson Ray, fourteen months, Bowman, Ga.; 12, Beatrice Helen Wright, twenty-two months, Minneapolis, Kas.

SOME IMPORTANT QUERIES ANSWERED.

Dear Sir:

1. What is Capitalism?

2. Define "Special Privilege." Why should not our Government guarantee equal opportunity to each and every individual born in the United States (negroes excepted)?

3. It the Initiative, Referendum, and the Right of Recall are Democratic principles, and if the white people of this country are capable of self-government, why should not the Democratic party incorporate these three great principles into its platforms?

4. Do you think it possible for a government to be formed and operated so as to give every one the full value of what his labor produces? If the working-man is not morally entitled to ALL that his labor produces, who is entitled to the part which he does not get?

Respectfully,
IRA U. MAXWELL.

Carrollton, Ga.

Answers:

(1) Capitalism is a term which appears to have been intended by our Socialist friends to characterize every financial system under which we now live, including all that guarantee wage slavery. The theory is that by the control of money and modern machinery the rich men have established a reign of dollars over laborers. They contend that by the control of money, lands and machinery the men, who are capitalists, exploit those who are workmen. It is contended that Capitalism robs the producer of the fruit of his toil. This theory is elaborately set forth in Carl Mark's book, "Capital." In this he endeavors to prove that by the control of money and other means of production the rich men have enslaved the world, Legislature and Government being conducted for the benefit of property rather than for the benefit of persons.

(2) Such privilege is the granting of some legislative favor, immunity or exemption to an exclusive class of individuals to the disadvantage of the mass. For example, when the Government gave $10,000,000 out of the public treasury to the sugar producers of Louisiana it granted them a special privilege at the expense of everybody else. When the Government put a tariff tax of 2c a pound on raw sugar, it taxes everybody else for the benefit of the beet growers and the cane growers who constitute a comparatively small number of our people. Again when the Government so frames its legislature as to guarantee added profits to the manufacturers as a class, it gives to them a special privilege not enjoyed by those engaged in other inductries.

Not only does Congress grant such favors to certain classes to the injury of others, but the courts have done so. For example, when they decided that railroad corporations were entitled to net profits over and above all operating expenses no matter how unreasonable and extravagant, they gave to these corporations a special privilege not enjoyed by the average merchant, farmer, stock company, etc. When the courts decided that a State law reducing the net profits of railroad companies, is confiscatory and, therefore, null and void, they create special privilege for these public service corporations. To say that a reduction in net profits is a confiscation of the property of the corporation upon the meaning of our Constitution and of the Great Charter from which that clause in the Constitution was derived, they are guilty of an absurdity in law and an outrage upon all other classes of citizens. Neither the courts or Legislature have any business legislating or deciding in such a way as to guarantee profits to any business whatsoever.

(3) The Initiative, Referendum and Recall are strictly Democratic in principle, and are necessary to real self-government. Before the Civil War we had Legislatures, State and National, that were so responsive to the popular vote that we did not feel the great need of direct legislation. Since the Civil War, however, the government of towns, states and the nation have been taken so completely from the hands of the people that there is at this time a universal demand for a restoration of control to those who are rightfully entitled to it. There is no reason why the great Democratic party should not incorporate those principles in

its national platform, and I predict that it will be done. If every citizen will determine to devote a part of his thought, his time and his work to his public affairs, delegates, legislators and Congressmen will be elected who will in fact be representatives of their constituents. We will have our best men in office if we simply choose to do it. We can have our best ideals represented in legislation, if we are willing to pay the old, old price of eternal vigilance.

(4) Such a thing as giving to everyone the full value of what his labor produces is a dream. The moment production leaves the crudest forms every producer is dependent upon others in the bringing forth of the product. One may go into the woods, cut down white oak saplings, rive them out into withes, and fashion the cotton basket. Here in that case he is dependent upon some one else to furnish him the timber, the tools, as well as the clothing that he wears while at work and the food that maintains him until the basket is finished. You can hardly conceive of any product whatsoever that anyone can produce without aid from somebody else. Take a farm or a bolt of calico and think for one moment of the thousands of different men who were directly and remotely connected with the production of the finished cloth or of the cotton, wheat and corn in the field. Consequently no working man is morally entitled to all that his labor produces. It is equitable for him to divide with those whose labor co-operated with his own. Under any just system of laws where every person stands on the same footing, pays the same taxes, and has the same opportunities, the price of labor will adjust itself automatically just as the prices of other commodities do. Labor after all is like other commodities, something that goes to market. The great law of giving the man leave to operate without hindrance of mischievous legislation would regulate the price of labor justly, just as it would regulate the price of every other commodity. T. E. W.

A U. S. CLERK'S OBSERVATION.

We are inoculated with a suspicion that clerks in the different bureaus are anxious to see the different Congressional investigating committees begin to grind out some grist. There is no use conducting an investigation along the lines of those conducted by the Keep Commission, viz: visiting the different officials and asking them to criticise the running of machinery oiled and put in motion by their own hands. The officials are the ones responsible for the chaotic condition that exists. How foolish to ask a set of men to make unfavorable reports upon their own handiwork. After many years of work at a desk we have reached a conclusion which in print reads like this—if the search-light is ever flashed in on the working of many government Departments, the hand that guides its movements will have to be that of the man at the desk; the man who cannot be held responsible for the existence of such a condition; yet he must be the man who sits day after day and watches the officials who took the oath to administer the affairs of the Government in a business-like way, paying little or no attention to the detail of the work; simply allowing things to drift; coming to his work any hour between nine and four. This privilege being granted to chiefs and special agents by the head of the department. By the way, the special agent is the man with "pull," who is appointed at five to ten per, while the man who does the work has to be at his desk at 9 A. M.; if he is one minute late he is docked thirty, and he has to pass a rigid examination and begin work at six hundred per annum, and after ten years hard work might possibly get promotions up to one thousand. These same officials put their relatives into the service, some of whom could not possibly pass a Civil Service examination and then promote them over clerks who are admittedly better clerks in every sense of the word. They map out field work or create some work to put them in charge of that will admit of them drawing more money from the Government than they would be allowed to draw had nature made them a stranger instead of a relative to the said official. Then when an official gets married the government carpenter on government pay uses government lumber to make a suite of furniture to be given to the official as a wedding present. It does not stop here. When said official decides to run for office he solicits a campaign fund from the clerks; promising to look after their interests if elected. Nor is this the end; those who fail to contribute are blacklisted and overlooked when promotions are made.

It can be shown that a great deal of work is done that is of no value to any one, and that duplications are made which render the final result so inaccurate that it is worth but little. This could be remedied by getting officials who would spend more time looking after the interests of the Government and less time looking after the interests of their relatives, etc. The Department will refuse to allow a clerk to take annual leave to go to the sick bed of his wife or child yet this same Department will grant official leave to members of the base-ball team to practise base-ball. Clerks are actually promoted because they are good ball players.

Men are picked for chiefs on their abil-

ity to borrow money from the other clerks in their Division, and clerks who are considered "easy" are transferred under them. If the clerks refuse to loan when a loan is asked he might as well resign. He can never make a record after that. On the other hand if he makes a loan and tries to collect it he is tipped off that the chief stands in and he had better drop the matter or he will get the worst of it—he had, too.

The special agent trick is a joker in the Civil Service. When they want to appoint some one on pull instead of merit they suddenly discover that he is an expert on something and they appoint him an expert special agent and put him in charge of something. This allows them to pay the fellow with "pull" about twice the salary he would draw under the Civil Service, and gives him the privilege of coming and going at will; while the Civil Service employe who does not get enough salary to meet his actual expenses has to come and go by the ring of a bell. He might beat the government out of a minute of time. He is the fellow whose life is made miserable by the use of red tape.

A permanent Census Bureau was created in 1902 in order to educate a force of clerks to be used when the regular Census is taken. It costs about one million dollars annually to maintain this permanent Bureau; there being a good portion of this period that they have little to do. A considerable sum of money was spent to retain these people for their experience. Notwithstanding this outlay of cash for experience when the time came to begin work on the thirteenth census it was discovered that "pull"' was more valuable in gathering statistics than experience, therefore special agents were appointed to do the work that Congress thought could be done better by trained clerks. The merit of system under the Civil Service is a great thing indeed.

These are a few of the conditions which exist under the dome of the Capitol of this, the greatest nation on earth, which preaches equal rights to all and special privileges to none. It will be necessary to call for the man at the desk should Congress want to get the real facts.

A GOVERNMENT CLERK.

MY MEMOIRS OF GEORGIA POLITICS. Written and published by Mrs. Wm. H. Felton, of Cartersville, Ga.

After one has reached the age of seventy-five it is natural that one should live much in the past. On her title page, Mrs. Felton states that her book was written and published after she had reached here seventy-fifth birthday. Consequently it is natural that she should dwell exclusively upon what took place long ago. It is not probable that her book will prove interesting to people living outside of the State of Georgia or to those who live principally in the present and in the future. To those, however, who find perennial interest in what happened in the past history of our state, Mrs. Felton's work will furnish instructive reading. It is probable that she has the largest collection of scrap books to be found anywhere. Her own memory is prodigious and her power of expression all that could be desired. Therefore, her Memoirs of Georgia politics constitutes a more satisfactory political history than any book that has yet issued from the press. She takes you behind the scenes; explains many an episode which would otherwise remain a mystery. She paints men as she, with her keen eyes, saw them. She places bare many an undisputed fact which will tarnish many reputations.

The orgy of corruption, which took place during the reconstruction era; the exploitation of the tax-payers by Republican office-holders, and their Democratic allies; the misuse of the State's money and its cash by private citizens—all these are vividly presented in Mrs. Felton's Memoirs.

She devotes much space to Congressional

doings, especially to the national scandals which grew out of the building of the Pacific railroads. Mrs. Felton lived in Washington at the time, and had a full view of what was going on. She published the famous Huntington correspondence, which shows how the promoters of the Trans-Continental Railroads bought up members of Congress. It was during this period that the Senators from the South acted so suspiciously as to call down upon themselves the angry denunciation of the heroic Roman, Allen G. Thurman.

One of the main objects of Mrs. Felton in writing and publishing her Memoirs was to put her husband upon the pedestal which he deserves. Unfortunately for himself and for the State of Georgia, Dr. Felton came too late into the arena of public life. A Southern physician and a preacher who filled a pulpit without a salary, he had spent the greater part of his strength in private service before he ever appeard in public life. When he did come before the people he took them by storm, but even then his triumph was local. Only by an occasional speech in Augusta or Atlanta was he known to the State at large. In fact his renown was almost limited to his Congressional District until at an advanced age he became a member of the Georgia Legislature.

One of the greatest financial speeches that I ever read was the Wrecker speech, which Dr. Ftlton delivered in Congress, but strange to say its transcendent merit and eloquence did not win universal recognition. Even his successful campaign for free quinine attracted little attention. In my last conversation with Dr. Felton at his home in Cartersville, he told me that he had known this drug to sell for $5.00 and $6.00 per ounce. At that time a high tariff upon it gave a monopoly to three American corporations and they had done what monopoly always does, run the price up to the highest possible limit. He was successful in having the tariff removed and lived to see the price come down to about 1-20 of what it had been. No single piece of legislation since the Civil War has been more beneficial to the mass of our people.

Those who are familiar with Dr. Felton's career are aware of the fact that he was elected to Congress as an independent. He was fiercely fought in each campaign by the organized Democracy. The control was in the hands of as corrupt a bunch of politicians as ever dominated a Congressional district. These men did not hesitate at anything. They used money, whiskey, lives, frauds, forgeries, every weapon within the unrighteous political warfare. Nobody criticised Dr. Felton's principles, his speeches in Congress, or his votes, but because he would not bend his neck to the yoke of a corrupt reign, he was combated savagely every two years until finally he was declared defeated by Judson Clements, who did not intend to meet the Doctor on the hustings.

Mr. Clements had no record save that of a respectable service in the Legislature and no one claimed that he was in the same class with Dr. Felton intellectually, but because he was a regular party man he received the nomination and the certificate of election.

After a quiet period in Congress Mr. Clements was appointed to the Interstate Commerce Commission, where he has made a highly commendable record.

Dr. Felton was a very brilliant controversialist, and was frequently engaged in debates of this kind with such men as Senator B. H. Hill, Ex-Governor Jas. M. Smith and others.

Many years after this Dr. Felton made the race for Congress against the Farmers' Alliance candidate, Hon. Robt. Everett, but was defeated. Two years afterwards he was a candidate for Congress on the Populist ticket; but was again defeated. Previous to this he had served in the Legislature, rendering magnificent service in saving the Western and Atlantic railroad from the sharks who were after it. Had it not been for the heroic old fighter the State would probably have lost this magnificent property in a sale where not one-fourth of its value was offered.

Throughout Mrs. Felton's Memoirs we have vivid glimpses of Robt. Toombs, Alexander H. Stephens. Benj. J. Hill, Gen. Gordon and practically all of the prominent men who have figured in Georgia politics. She gives facts concerning Stephens, Toombs, Hill and Gordon that will come as a distinct surprise to most people. In fact, it is hardly too much to say that a clear, full, accurate idea of the politics of Georgia since the Civil War cannot be obtained without the reading of just such works as Mrs. Felton's Memiors of Georgia Politics. It is a magazine of inside affairs, and I do not think there is a single statement she makes that cannot be established by evidence. T. E. W.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR OF 1861-1865. By W. H. Morgan. J. P. Bell & Co., Publishers, Lynchburg, Va.

This is a soldier's story of soldier's life as it was. Making no large pretense to literary skill, Captain Morgan achieves the highest purpose of literature, telling a plain story in a plain, pleasant, graphic way so as to convey his thought and the fact distinctly and to hold the interest of his readers. In his introduction he tells us that he did not write for publication, his reminiscences being intended originally as merely a family paper written at the solicitation of his children for the information of those who might come after. By the way, it would be a good thing for every

In the Bell Democracy

Membership in the telephone democracy of the Bell System means equal opportunity for every man, no matter who he is or where he is.

Each member of this Bell democracy has the same chance of communication, limited only by the distance the voice can be carried.

However remote, whether in the adobe house on the Rio Grande, on the Montana sheep ranch or in the isolated New England farm house, the Bell telephone is an open doorway to the Universal Bell System.

From each Bell outpost run lines that connect it with the central office —that nerve center of the local system.

Long distance and toll lines connect these nerve centers and furnish clear tracks for telephone talk throughout the land.

12,000,000 miles of wire are the highways over which 20,000,000 telephone talks are carried daily.

The Bell System binds together the social and business activities of a people in a shoulder-to-shoulder march of progress.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

AGENTS! A REVELATION NEW BUSINESS

REMARKABLE OFFER READ EVERY WORD

Investigate this phenomenal opportunity to make money. Sells on sight. Actual experience not necessary. 100% PROFIT. Everybody enthusiastic. Irresistible selling proposition. I want live agents, general agents and managers at once everywhere. No charge for territory.

This Is Your Opportunity

—your chance to make good. Jump into the big income class. No reason on earth why you shouldn't get there, simply follow my instructions, make an earnest effort—success is yours. **Anyone can sell this marvelous machine.** Half a minute demonstration does the trick. Everybody amazed at the wonderful accuracy of this device. **You pocket 100 % profit every sale.** Opportunities like this come only once in a life time. You've been looking for opportunity—felt you were built for better things. Catch hold. **Success is ambition, plus a plan.** Listen to the words of success. Young men, old men, farmers, teachers, carpenters, students, bank clerks—everybody makes money. **One man** (H. C. Wingo) **sold 720 sharpeners in six weeks; profit, $1080.** Stauffer, Penn., sent third order for 300 machines. Krantz, N. D., says: "Had a good day and stroppers selling fine. Took 27 orders." Corey, Me., "Went out at bed time and took 5 orders in one hour. **People want it.**" Applewhite, La., **"Took 6 orders in thirty minutes."** Crafts, New York, "Sold 3 in fifteen minutes." Harmon, Texas, says: "The man who can't sell the Never Fail Stropper better go back to chopping cotton for he couldn't sell $10.00 gold pieces for $1.00 each." Strong talk, but true. **$1000.00 Reward** to any one proving that any testimonial given is not genuine and unsolicited.

$45 TO $90 A WEEK

can easily be made as sales agent for the NEVER FAIL at home or traveling, all or spare time. **This is a new proposition.** A positive Automatic Razor Sharpener—absolutely guaranteed. The thing all men had dreamed of. Perfect in every detail, under every test. With it you can sharpen to a keen, smooth, velvety edge any razor—safety or old style—all the same. Handles any and every blade automatically. Just a few seconds with the NEVER FAIL puts a razor in a better shape to give a soothing, cooling, satisfying shave than can an expert operator, no matter how careful he works. Men are excited over this little wonder machine—over its marvelous accuracy and perfection. They are eager to buy. Women buy for presents to men. Agents and salesmen coining money. Field untouched. Get territory at once. Write for full facts concerning this high grade offer. Sworn-to proofs of success never before equaled. Don't envy the other fellows. Make big money yourself. **Don't pass this opportunity by.** Act prompt. **Investigate.**

THE NEVER FAIL CO., 1137 Colton Bldg. TOLEDO, O.

Confederate Veteran to ocupy his leisure moments in like work. Most of these venerable soldiers give themselves to reticence, and it is like drawing a tooth to get from them any stories of what they have done and seen and endured. A large proportion of them are too careless even to have their names enrolled in the permanent records the State tries so hard to make of those who served her so gallantly and faithfully in the time of her greatest stress. Captain Morgan writes with the directness and simplicity of a soldier who did his duty, did not try to be a hero but was a hero nevertheless, made no pretensions to brilliant achievements, but did without flinching what came in his way to do. He begins with his enlistment May 1st, 1861, and ends with his enforced retirement from service May 21st, 1865. On the latter date his imprisonment as a captured officer ended. His talk is soldier and war-time talk, plain, unvarnished, Floyd county farmer talk with no frills or concealments or smoothing over of rough places. He tells exactly what happened and what he saw and heard and felt. Therefore, his writing is delightful and real and a valuable addition to the story of the war and the part the Virginian troops had in it. Probably Captain Morgan will not write any more books, but he has done a distinct service to his State and community in writing this one.

T. E. W.

FROM BULL RUN TO APPOMATTOX. By Luther W. Hopkins. Fleet-McGinley Co., Baltimore, Printers.

The author belonged to the Jeb Stuart Cavalry and served in Lee's army from 1861 to 186g. It his preface he states that his son was fond of war stories and that after having told his boy of his war experiences over and over again and again,

the lad insisted upon his father's publishing in book form the narrative, which the boy found so interesting.

The book opens with these lines: "Is there a boy in all this wide land, North or South, who would not like to hear what a boy has to say of his experiences as a private soldier in the Confederate army from 1861 to 1865, serving for the most part in Stuart's cavalry of Lee's army? Men have told their stories in graphic style. Told it from a man's standpoint, but who has told it for the boy? Who has told of the part the boy played in that great drama that was on the stage for four years without intermission—that bloody drama, which cost the country $8,000,000,000 in money and more than one-half million in human lives? I do not know how it was in the Northern army, but the bulk of Lee's soldiers in the ranks were boys in their teens. It was these boys who made Thos. Jonathan Jackson 'Stonewall Jackson,' who put Robt. E. Lee's name in the Hall of Fame, and who elected Jeb Stuart in the ranks Lieut.-General of the Cavalry. One of these boys has written the story as he remembers it, in plain, simple language; not a history, but really an account of all he saw and did while this eventful history was being made."

Started in this vein the author proceeds to keep his promise and to tell his experiences in a most readable manner.

The type is large and clear, the book beautifully illustrated, and it will prove a valuable addition to the literature of the Civil War. T. E. W.

THE HEIRESS OF CRANFORD HALL. By Eugenia Estelle. Published by the author and for sale at Miller's Book Store, Atlanta, Ga. Price $1.25. Cloth bound, illustrated.

Strictly speaking, "The Heiress of Cranford Hall," is a historical novel, dealing in a most interesting way with the early history of Georgia.

The author has used a wealth of material with a most lavish hand, and we have intimate views of Gen. Oglethorpe, the Wesley brothers, Mrs. Siddons, and several other famous personages of that period.

The history of the early settlement of South Georgia, the villages on St. Simon's Island, "Jeckyl" Island, which has been known for many years as Jekyl, are written up in a most interesting manner.

Miss Estell is of distinguished ancestry, being related to many of the famous Georgia families whose early history was entwined with that of the State.

Her work will doubtless prove a most popular one, especially with those interested in Georgia's early romance.

A. L. L.

Over ten million dollars will be paid to trappers of fur bearing animals during the coming winter. Any man or boy living in the country can add a goodly sum to his earnings by trapping during spare moments. We furnish ABSOLUTELY FREE a complete Trapper's Guide which tells you the size of trap and kind of bait to use for the different animals, how to remove the skins and prepare them for market. We also furnish the best traps and baits at lowest prices. We receive more furs direct from trapping grounds than any other house in the world, therefore can pay the highest prices for them. Our price lists, shipping tags, etc., are also FREE for the asking. If you are a trapper or want to become one, write to us to-day. We will help you.

F. C. TAYLOR & CO.
GREATEST FUR HOUSE IN THE WORLD
380 Fur Exchange Building, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE TO THE RUPTURED.

STUART'S PLAS-TR-PADS are a wonderful new treatment for rupture, curing as they do the worst forms in the privacy of the home. Being SELF-ADHESIVE, purposely to hold without straps, buckles or spring. No truss. Plapao Laboratories, Block 176, St. Louis., Mo., is sending FREE trial of Plapao. Write for this marvelous cure.

IF YOU'RE FEELING BLUE
READ
"WHERE THE HAND O'GOD IS SEEN."
A BOOK OF VERSES.
AND SOME POEMS.
By CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD
THE POET SCOUT.
PRICE $1.
THE JEFFERSONIAN,
THOMSON, GA.

THE JEFFERSONIAN
THOS. E. WATSON, Editor
$1.00 Per Year

PROGRESSIVE DEMOCRAT
J. D. WATSON, Editor
50c. Per Year

Two live weeklies—the Jeffersonian handles National affairs, while the P. D. is devoted to State matters.

THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, - - Thomson, Georgia

Man's Struggle for Efficiency

Interesting Methods He is Using to Make and Keep Him Energetic and Capable

By Walter Griffith

Perhaps the most interesting phase of the present-day struggle to realize our ambitions in whatever direction they may lie, and one indeed on which it were well for everyone to be informed, is the different methods adopted by Americans, both men and women, to keep themselves physically fit to stand the strain of keeping constantly up to "concert pitch."

They are not by any means always adopted until Nature has cried quits and the subject is struggling to recover his efficiency, but whenever employed they are well worthy of study and ofttimes ludicrous to the looker-on, though perhaps not to the performer.

If you were to arise at six o'clock some fine morning and visit Central Park and Riverside Drive, New York, you would be amused by viewing, among a number of others, some stout gentleman who looks very dignified after nine a.m.; now, however, he is on a horse (part of the time), or even running on foot, and looks hot, uncomfortable and funny. This is a consistent practice at the present time of many New York business men, as well as those of other cities.

In convenient proximity to several large cities there are Health Institutions that could perhaps be aptly called "Training Institutions." Those who visit there are placed in the hands of a veritable "Trainer," who runs them, rides them, trots them, exercises them, and supervises their diet. Thy are under strict discipline which does not always set well, but accomplishes what they are there for—puts them in good physical condition.

There are many gymnasiums and physical culture schools located in convenient places in the large cities where an opportune hour a day is taken in giving the body its much needed exercise.

Osteopathic treatment might be termed, in a way, "exercise without effort," or, better still, "involuntary exercise," for certainly the manipulation exercises the subject though not of his own volition.

Many and diverse kinds of massages, Swedish, German, etc., combined Diet and Exercise, Sour and Sterilized Milk Treatments, Raw Wheat, Fruit and Nut Diets, etc., are being liberally patronized to the end that men and women, under our present mode of living (which is hardly natural) may maintain or even increase their capacity for strenuous effort with its attendant reward.

All of these methods have their advantages—some undoubtedly greater than others—I am not competent to choose.

But mark this:

Every one of them that is effective has for its primary purpose and ultimate result the elimination of waste from the system.

This cannot help being the fact, for the initial cause of probably 90 per cent. of man's inefficiency is the inability of the system, under our present mode of living, to throw off the waste which it accumulates.

The result is a partial clogging of the colon (large intestine) which is the direct cause of sluggish livers, biliousness, slight or severe headaches—and with these, or any one of them, comes inability to work, think or perform up to our usual standard.

That eminent scientist, Professor Metchnikoff, states unqualifiedly that the poison generated in the colon is the chief cause of our comparatively premature old age.

Now if these exercises or diets were entirely successful in eliminating this waste from the colon, they would be, with their strengthening and upbuilding properties, wonderfully resultful—but they do not and can not.

One might as well chop a tree down from the top, or try to pump a lake dry by starting at one of the brooks that feed it.

When you are ill, and a physician is

called, the first thing he does is to purge the system—why—first, because the waste has to be disposed of before any medicine will take effect—second, because if there was no waste, you probably would not have been ill at all.

Also remember that healthy blood will destroy almost any germ that is known to science, but unhealthy or contaminated blood welcomes them with open arms and says, "Come and feed and multiply."

Our blood can not be healthy unless our colons are kept pure and clean; the blood is constantly circulating through the colon and will immediately take up by absorption the poisons of the waste which it contains, distributing it throughout the entire system.

That's the reason that biliousness and its kindred complaints make us ill "all over." It is also the reason that if this waste is permitted to remain a little too long the destructive germs, which are always present in the blood, gain the upper hand and we become not only inefficient, but really ill—seriously sometimes if there is a weak spot.

This accumulated waste is the direct, immediate, specific cause of appendicitis, for instance.

Now the first help that we have been calling to our aid when this waste becomes unbearable, or lays us out, is Drugs. These have some effect, but there are a few vital reasons why they should not and need not be used.

Drugs are violent in their action and convulse and sap the vitality of other functions before they reach the colon. The colon is the last spot they reach, therefore it is impossible for them to clean it thoroughly—and last, but not least, the using of Drugs for this purpose must be persisted in—making one a slave to them and constantly weakening parts of the body that should not be touched at all.

So great an authority as Prof. Alonzo Clark, M. D., of the New York City College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons and as a consequence every dose diminishes the patient's vitality.

No, none of these are necessary or effective, for the specific purpose of defeating this greatest of all foes to man's efficiency, for Nature herself has provided a means which, if applied in the proper way, will, without any evil effect or inconvenience whatever, keep the colon sweet, pure, clean, and healthy.

That "Nature Way" is Internal Bathing with warm water properly applied; but it must be properly applied to be effective.

It would perhaps be interesting to note the opinions of a Physician, an Osteopath, and a Physical Culturist on this subject:

"The results that I have had from the use of the Internal Bath in my own family are marvelous." Geo. H. Davis, M. D., Springfield, Mass.

"I have two Internal Baths, one for myself and one for a patient. I am an Osteopath, and find in connection with my work that it does wonders." G. L. Bowdy, D. O., Denver, Col.

"I find the Internal Bath of immense benefit to me. I look upon it as an absolute necessity to the attainment of perfect physical development, and think every person, especially those engaged in physical culture, ought to use it." Anthony Barker, Professor of Physical Culture.

A New York physician of many years practical experience and observance of the colon and its influence on the general health, has made a special study of Internal Bathing, and has writtten an interesting and exhaustive book on the subject called, "Why Man of To-day Is Only 50 per cent. Efficient."

This he will send without cost or other obligation to anyone addressing, Charles A. Tyrell, M. D., 134 West Sixty-fifth Street, New York City, and mentioning that he read this in **Watson's Magazine.**

It is surprising how little the great majority of people know about this particular part of their make-up; and inasmuch as it plays so important a part in the general health and the maintaining of 100 per cent. of efficiency, it seems as though every one should at least enlighten himself by reading this little treatise on the subject, by one who has made it his life's study and work.

Own the Time Clock—

Why not own the time clock instead of "ringing up" all your life? There is no reason why you can't do it if you have enough ambition.

The first step is training—that leads to promotion and more and more money. Once a man acquires training and begins to go up, there is no such thing as calculating where he will stop. There are many students of the International Correspondence Schools who are now owners and directors of great enterprises, who were merely laborers before they received the help of the I. C. S.

How is it done! Read the next page!

Don't Be a "Ringer"

You begin by making up your mind that you want to do better. Then you decide upon the character of work most congenial to you. It may be Architecture, Engineering, Electricity, Building Contractor, Commercial Illustrating, Mining, Textile Manufacturing, Advertising, or any other occupation listed on the coupon. You simply indicate your choice by marking the coupon as directed, and sending it to the International Correspondence Schools. By return mail, you will receive without charge a wealth of illustrated literature, containing invaluable information on the trade or profession in which you wish to perfect yourself.

The I. C. S. will show you how to start at the very beginning, or it will enable you to advance from the point where you are today. There is neither lost ground, nor lost time with I. C. S. instruction. It is designed to put money in a man's pocket right away—not years hence.

Remember you don't leave home, lose time, nor tie yourself up with any embarassing obligation. Mark the coupon today and take the first step towards being boss of the time clock, instead of having the time clock boss you.

Do it today!

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 1068 SCRANTON, PA.
Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X.

Automobile Running	Civil Service
Mine Superintendent	Architect
Mine Foreman	Chemist
Plumbing, Steam Fitting	Languages (Spanish, French, German, Italian)
Concrete Construction	Commercial English
Civil Engineer	Building Contractor
Textile Manufacturing	Architectural Draftsman
Stationary Engineer	Industrial Designing
Telephone Expert	Commercial Illustrating
Mechan. Engineer	Window Trimming
Mechanical Draftsman	Show Card Writing
Electrical Engineer	Advertising Man
Elec. Lighting Supt.	Stenographer
Agriculture	Bookkeeper
Electric Railways	Cotton Manufacturing
Structural Engineer	Woolen Manufacturing
R. R. Construction	Toolmaking
Metal Mining	Foundry Work
English Branches	Pattern Making
Gas Engineer	Blacksmithing
Foreman Plumber	Surveyor
	Poultry Farming

Name _____

Present Occupation _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____

SOUTHLAND CREDENTIALS OF
The Poet Scout, Capt. Jack Crawford

CHAUTAUQUA AT ALBANY, GA.

April 28.

Manager "Capt. Jack," Macon, Ga.

Dear Sir: I wish to thank you for having suggested and supplied Capt. Jack Crawford as a substitute for Gen. Gordon. They differ from each other only as stars differ in glory.

J. S. DAVIS,
Sup't of Georgia Chautauqua.

A GREAT PULPITARIAN AND LECTURER

Says: You can easily say, and truthfully, that the Poet Scout, Jack Crawford, is the greatest success on the American platform as a combination orator, actor, mimic and entertainer; he reaches men and boys no other living man can reach. I have heard him more than a dozen times, and on three occasions he has occupied my pulpit in three Southern cities. I have introduced him to more than a dozen audiences, and after entertaining the millionaires at Hampton Terrace, South Carolina, on March 12th last, John D. Rockefeller was first to congratulate him. He appeared next evening at my request for a poor little church in the suburbs of Augusta. I know of no living man with such a field for good, and no one with less of selfishness than this genius in buckskin. This man whom Gen'l Roger D. Williams of Kentucky branded as "One of God's Rough Riders."

RICHARD WILKINSON, Pastor,
St. James M. E. Church, Augusta, Ga.

GOVERNOR OF GEORGIA.

April 28.

Having today heard Capt. Jack Crawford, the Poet Scout, lecture before the Chautauqua Assembly, I voluntarily bear testimony to the picturesqueness of his personality, the earnestness and eloquence of his address and the fine moral tone of all that he said. His patriotic sentiments and fraternal devotion to the future unity of heart and purpose in our native land deserve to be heard and applauded by men and women of all politics, religions and national ambitions of the best character. (Signed) J. M. TERRELL,
Governor of Georgia.

April 28.

On behalf of scores of the leading gentlemen composing the staff of the Governor of Georgia, including lawyers, bankers, journalists and publicists, I certify that Captain Jack Crawford's lecture at the Albany Chautauqua today was one of the most unique, pathetic and patriotic addresses they have ever enjoyed. We earnestly commend him to the confidence and cordial hearing of our fellow citizens throughout the Union.

REV. SAM W. SMALL.
Evangelist and Lecturer, Lieut.-Col. and Aide-de-Camp of the Governor of Georgia.

His three entertainments at the Hawkinsville Chautauqua, with Gov. Bob Taylor, Tom Watson and Sam Jones were pronounced the most enjoyable medley of quaint, sparkling humor and touching pathos ever heard.

Williamsburg (Ky.) College, Feb. 5, 1909.

Dear "Capt. Jack:"

I want to thank you for the very excellent service you gave us on the 31st. Everybody was delighted with both your talk to the students in the afternoon, and your lecture in the evening. We have had Dixon, Conwell, Dolliver, Hobson, Green, and many others, but NONE gave BETTER SATISFACTION than "Capt. Jack."

GORMAN JONES, Chairman Com.

Dungeness, Fernandina, Fla.,
Capt. Jack Crawford, March 13, 1909.
Augusta, Ga.

Dear Sir: I am very grateful to my brother-in-law, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, for arranging your visit here. It was a unique pleasure to meet you and to listen to your conversation, your stories and your poems.

Your evening's entertainment was a decided success. We consider it very remarkable that you could entertain and instruct and hold the attention of so varied an audience for an hour and three quarters.

You reached alike the laborers and the most intelligent among us, and gave us all much that was well worth remembering, and gave it in such an unusual and forceful manner that we shall surely remember it—and you.

Wishing you continued success in your calling, I remain, Very truly yours,

LUCY C. CARNEGIE.

FROM WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN.

"Do you know the big-hearted Captain Jack Crawford, the man who was chief of Uncle Sam's frontier scouts—the man who can make you laugh till your sides ache, and cry like a cholicy baby, all in a ten minute's talk—the poet-scout, philosopher and friend of many a wayward boy and broken man, who will in the latter days rise up and call his name blessed? Well, if you don't know him, he's one of the finest fellows that ever lived, one of the best lecturers that ever talked. I tell you, I believe Captain Jack can raise a bigger crop of laughter and tears than any man who ever put plough into the soil of the human heart."

CAPT. JACK'S NEW BOOK.

I am charmed with you book of poems. I am especially pleased with the one entitled "Mother's Prayers," as you thought I would. I want to order fifty copies of this truly delightful volume for the enjoyment of our soldiers and sailors.

MRS. RUSSELL SAGE.

Price $1.50, with Autograph of Author.

THE LYCEUM PUBLISHING CO.

Room 168 45 Broadway New York

There are thirty-two of Capt. Jack's best recitations in this book.

For Lecture Entertainments and Terms, Address THE NEW YORK LYCEUM BUREAU, 45 Broadway, NEW YORK

Capt. Jack will be South between February 15th and April 10th. Write or wire as above

Marie Antoinette Rides to the Guillotine

(From the Painting by Flameng.)

Marie Antoinette, the ill-fated queen, centre of the most brilliant court in Europe, hurled from her throne by the rude hand of revolution, and passing, 'mid the derisive roar of the mob, to her tragic death upon the guillotine—Marie Antoinette, in all her sad and fateful story, is only **one** of the great figures that throng the pages of

MÜHLBACH'S HISTORICAL ROMANCES

"Twenty Thrilling Tales"

Here, also, we meet Frederick the Great, the eccentric Prussian, who, though he was endeared to his subjects as "Old Fritz," detested things German, always spoke French, and was not only the greatest general of his century, but played the flute like a master; Andreas Hofer, the Tyrolese patriot, who in his mountain passes with his little army for years defied the French and Bavarian forces sent to crush him; Napoleon (The "Little Corporal,") commanding victorious hosts and bidding pathetic farewell to the Old Guard—the Old Guard that could die but never surrender. Around such great historical personages hundreds of minor characters play their parts in these absorbing dramas.

TITLES OF THE 20 VOLUMES

Napoleon and the Queen of Prussia
The Empress Josephine
Napoleon and Bluecher
Queen Hortense
Marie Antoinette and Her Son
Prince Eugene and His Times
The Daughter of an Empress
Joseph II. and His Court
Frederick the Great and His Court
Berlin and Sans-Souci
Frederick the Great and His Family
Goetho and Schiller
The Merchant of Berlin
Louise of Prussia and Her Times
Old Fritz and the New Era
Andreas Hofer
Mohammed Ali and His House
Henry VIII. and Catherine Parr
Youth of the Great Elector
Reign of the Great Elector

The books are printed upon extra quality of paper from easy-to-read type, are attractively illustrated and beautifully bound. Titles and ornaments are stamped in gold on the back. The size of the volumes is 5½x7½ inches.

VIVID, VIGOROUS, INSTRUCTIVE.

These are **historical romances in a real sense**—strong, vivid stories full of action, conflict, and constantly sustained interest. They have aroused more attention and been the subject of more talk than any other historical novels written since the elder Dumas laid down the pen. The deeds and the people with which they deal are such that most persons of ordinary culture are somewhat ashamed to be ignorant of them. "Human interest" always prevails in these volumes and has given them their steadfast popularity.

50% REDUCTION IN PRICE 50%

This is the complete twenty-volume (20 vol.) edition, fresh sets of which with a handsome new back-stamp in gold design have just come from the binders. The books are illustrated by 40 handsome photogravures. We are offering the entire set at the special reduced price **of $19.50.**

97½c. a Vol.

If you are satisfied with the books, you pay us only $1.00 down upon acceptance, and the remainder $2.00 per month until after the purchase price has been paid. If not, notify us and the books may be returned at our expense. You will have incurred no obligation whatever. These books have delighted thousands at prices as high as $40.00—**remember our price:** only $19.50. Now is the time to act. Send in the coupon to-day.

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY
44-60 E. 23rd St., New York

W.M.11-11

Coupon

The University Society
New York

You may send me for inspection, charges prepaid, a set of MUEHLBACH'S HISTORICAL ROMANCES, 20 vols., bound in cloth. After examination, if I decide to keep it, I shall pay you $1.00 on acceptance and $2.00 a month thereafter until $19.50 has been paid. If not, I shall notify you, so that you may arrange for its return at no expense to me whatever.

Name .....

Address .....

Classified Advertisements

THERE IS SOMETHING HERE THAT YOU WANT

Do You Want to Sell, Buy or Exchange Anything?

You Can Do So Through These Columns

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

FREE—"INVESTING FOR PROFIT" MAGAZINE. Send me your name and I will mail you this magazine absolutely FREE. Before you invest a dollar anywhere get this magazine—it is worth $10 a copy to any man who intends to invest $5 or more per month. Tells you how $1,000 can grow to $22,000—how to judge different classes of investments, the REAL EARNING POWER of your money. This magazine six months FREE, if you write to-day. H. L. Barber, Publisher, R. 458, 20 W. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS.

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS open the way to good Government positions. I can coach you by mail at small cost. Full particulars free to any American citizen of eighteen or over. Write today for Booklet E836. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

EDUCATIONAL—MUSIC.

IF YOU MEAN BUSINESS then write at once. An opportunity is offered you that you cannot help but accept. We furnish outfit complete without expense to you, and give you any locality you wish. Address, THE NATIONAL SCHOOL OF MUSIC (Inc.) (Captial stock, $50,000). Church St. and 5th Ave., Nashville, Tenn.

Get "THOUGHT FORCE FOR HEALTH"

BY JULIA SETON SEARS, M. D.

WE WILL send it with a copy of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's New Thought booklet and a three months' trial subscription to THE NAUTILUS, magazine of self-help, for 10c. Address: **The Elizabeth Towne Co., Dept. 270, Holyoke, Mass.**

HELP WANTED.

WANTED—A man or woman to act as our information reporter. All or spare time. No experience necessary. $50.00 to $300.00 per month. Nothing to sell. Send stamp for particulars. Address SALES ASSOCIATION, 715 Association Building, Indianapolis, Ind.

BIG MONEY WRITING SONGS. THOUSANDS of dollars for anyone who can write successful words or music. Past experience unnecessary. Send us your song poems, with or without music, or write for free particulars. ACCEPTANCE GUARANTEED IF AVAILABLE. Washington only place to secure copyright. H. Kirkus Dugdale Co., Dept. 85, Washington, D. C.

MATRIMONIAL.

GET MARRIED—Matrimonial paper, containing advertisements, marriageable people from all sections of the United States, Canada; rich, poor, young, old; Protestants, Catholics; mailed sealed free. A. A. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

MARRY RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos FREE (Sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grays Lake, Ill.

WOULD YOU MARRY IF SUITED? Matrimonial paper containing hundreds of new matrimonial advertisements of marriageable people from all sections of the world, rich, poor, young, old, Protestants, Catholics, mailed sealed free. Address "The Correspondent," Toledo, Ohio.

MONTANA.

BECOME a Home-owning, Independent citizen; learn about the opportunities Montana offers in greater degree than any other state by sending name and address to J. H. Hall, State Commissioner of Agriculture, Helena, Montana.

PATENT ATTORNEYS.

PATENTS, TRADE-MARKS, LABELS—Send for my new book, "How to Get Them." Invent something useful. There is money in practical inventions, whether large or small. Advice free. JOSHUA R. R. POTTS, Lawyer, 306 Ninth St., Washington; 140 Dearborn St., Chicago; 929 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

POULTRY AND EGGS.

PURE BRED, Prize Winning, Single Comb Brown Leghorn Eggs and Stock to sell. Prices way low, quality high. Write me your wants. Guaranteed delivery. For quality buy of W. M. Nicholls, Powhatan, Va.

SEED.

CRIMSON CLOVER, 20c lb. Alfalfa, choice, 30c. Vetch, hairy, 15c. Oregon, 10c. MARK W. JOHNSON SEED CO., Atlanta, Ga.

SEWAGE DISPOSAL PLANTS.

RUSSELL SEWAGE DISPOSAL SYSTEM, Burlington, Ia. Our system costs no more than a cesspool, never needs cleaning, no typhoid germs, discharges pure, clear water. Write for particulars.

STOCK FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred Male Berkshire Pigs, $10; or for pair not related, $25. Pedigree papers furnished with each. Address, J. F. SHIPP, Lookout Place, Berkshire Farm, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Folding BATH TUB

Costs but little and will last for years. Weight only 15 pounds. Requires but little water, and no plumbing necessary. Folds into small roll and no more trouble to carry than a valise. Enjoy the delights of a full length bath in your private room. Far superior to a tin tub. Write for description and special offer to agents. ROBINSON MFG. CO., 990 Jefferson Ave., Toledo, Ohio. Mfrs Turkish Bath Cabinets.

HEARS CHURCH BELLS AFTER LONG DEAFNESS

For the first time in years, this good lady, who has been deaf, hears the church bells. She is in ectasy. Only this morning has she been able to hear the prattle of her grandchildren and the voice of her daughter. Twenty-three years ago she first found herself becoming deaf, and, despite numerous remedies, medical advice, hearing devices and specialists' treatments, she found it more and more difficult to hear. Of late years she was harassed be peculiar noises in the head, which added to her misery. At last she was told of a book which explains how to regain perfect hearing without costly apparatus or drugs. She got this book and learned how to quickly become freed from deafness and head noises. Observe her delight in this hypothetical illustration! Any reader of **Watson's Magazine** who desires to obtain one of these books can do so free of cost by merely writing to the author, Dr. George E. Coutant, 216 A, Station E, New York, N. Y. He will be pleased to mail it promptly, postpaid, to any one whose hearing is not good. This offer will bring joy to many homes.

A Few Dollars Invested on Easy Terms in a

Twin Falls, Idaho, Orchard

will insure

An Income for Life

sufficient to keep a family in comfort. It will pay for a home that is not an expense, but

A Source of Revenue

Or, for an investment which will pay from 100% to 500% every year as long as you live, and longer, after it comes into bearing.

By calling at our office or writing us you can obtain full information.

TWIN FALLS CO-OPERATIVE ORCHARD CO.

815 Stock Exchange Bldg., CHICAGO

For This Wonderful, Fast Selling SELF-HEATING FLAT IRON

Every home can now afford it. Always ready. Safe, reliable, reasonable. Thousands in use. Catalog and new selling plan FREE. C. H. Schubert, Dept. 9, 818 W. Madison St., Chicago.

$3.50 Recipe Free, For Weak Men.

Send Name and Address Today--- You Can Have it Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced that it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3572 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

STARSURET.

MRS. J. SMITH'S STARSURET is an excellent compound for immediate removal of superfluous hair. It is sold only by Thomas B. Hughes, 3325 Le Moyne St., Chicago, Ill. Price 50c.

French Dry Cleaning Co.

(Incorporated)

We do it just a little better for just a little less money

107 Eighth Ave., North Nashville, Tenn.

3 Beauty Poses for 25c.

Decorate Your "Den" with "Art Gems."

Exquisite portrayals of female loveliness **Three** bewitching poses, **25c.; Six** for **50c.** One 6 1-2x8 1-2 photograph **free** with every order for six.

Our Dollar Special: Two 6 1-2x8 1-2 photographs, six cabinet size and thirty-two small photos, all for **$1.**

Our pictures are all real photographs. No reproductions of paintings or other cheap trash. Money back if not pleased.

ART PHOTO CO., 2011 W.M., Grand Rapids, Mich.

SAVE MAGAZINE MONEY.

Our Club Offers cannot be beat by any other Agency in the world. You can save MONEY on any periodical by sending us your order. For example

Delineator, $1.00	**Our Price**
Everybody's, $1.50	**$1.90**
American or McClure's, $1.50	**Our Price**
Cosmopolitan, $1.00	**$1.95**

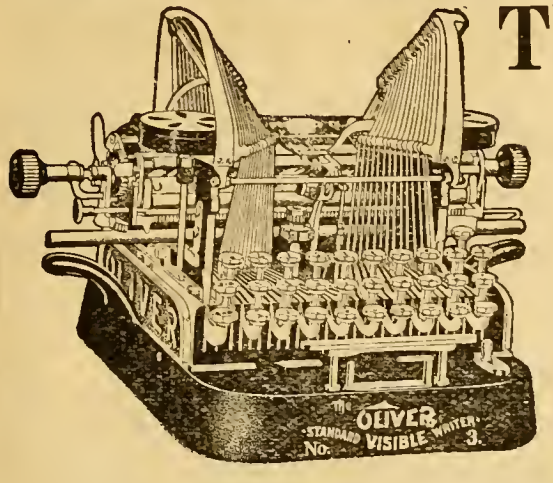
We have 3,000 offers. Send us a list of your magazine wants. A trial order will convince you that our service is desirable.

Address all orders to

THE NATIONAL SUBSCRIPTION AGENCY

94 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland, O.

AN IMMENSE PRICE-SAVING TYPEWRITER SALE



Act NOW and save $50 on this Standard Visible Writer

ORIGINAL Model No. 3 Olivers for $50 on time—$5 after trial and $5 a month. No interest. Shipped on approval without deposit. Protected by standard guarantee.

These typewriters are flawless—the equal in EVERY respect of ANY typewriter, regardless of price. In no way damaged, shop-worn or inferior.

VISIBLE WRITING—Every letter is in plain sight as soon as printed—a necessity now.

UNIVERSAL KEYBOARD—All standard typewriters have adopted the universal keyboard—you would waste time learning any other. The Oliver has 84 characters.

QUALITY OF THE WORK—The beautiful work turned out on this splendid typewriter will give your letters distinction: the quality of the typewriting has a marked effect upon the success of a letter. The U-shaped typebar and wide, smooth bearings insure perfect alignment, while the one-piece escapement mechanism gives a perfect spacing between the letters. The type are exceedingly hard; they make a clear, clean-cut impression.

CARBON-PAPER COPIES—An excellent manifolder because of the down stroke of the typebar—twenty copies, if you like. Cuts a perfect stencil for mimeograph work.

RULED LINES—The simple variable-spacing device is instantly adjustable to write on ruled lines—draws horizontal or vertical lines with type and ribbon.

WRITES IN COLORS—The Oliver originated the two-color writing—no change of ribbon necessary to write in any color.

CARDS, BILLS, STATEMENTS, LABELS AND ALL MEMORANDUMS written with ease and dispatch on this handy machine.

EASY TO OPERATE—So simple any one can learn in a few minutes; elaborate instruction book sent with every machine.

LIGHT ACTION—The down stroke of the typebar, with its scientific lever principle and wide, smooth bearings, gives the Oliver an action that is the lightest found on any typewriter. It is a pleasure to strike the keys.

CONVENIENT—The ingenious arrangement of the working parts cannot be described adequately on paper, but will be fully appreciated by you when you use the machine.

WILL LAST A LIFETIME—Simplicity is the keynote of the Oliver construction. Less than one-third as many parts as the other machines. Will do a greater variety of work. There is practically no wear-out to this sturdy typewriter.

PORTABLE, COMPACT, EFFICIENT—The lightest of all standard machines. Most of the weight is in the base, which reduces vibration and places the working parts in a compact, convenient position. It is always ready for business—always efficient. It will do any practical thing that any typewriter will do.

COMPLETE—Metal case and baseboard, tools, instructions, etc., accompany each machine—nothing extra to buy.

EASY TO OWN—You can have one of these splendid typewriters for your own. Merely a few cents a day—$5.00 after you have tried the machine, and then $5.00 a month for nine months—only $50 in all—this is just half of the regular price and there is no interest to pay on the installments. You use the machine while paying for it. Think of it! the best typewriter that money can buy for only 17 cents a day for a few months.

ORDER IT ON TRIAL—You are welcome to use this splendid machine for five days without paying any deposit, or obligating yourself in any way; no salesman or agent will call upon you, and you will be the sole judge.

All you have to do is to send your shipping instructions on the attached coupon blank. If you are not established in business just name a couple of references. All we want to know is that you are responsible.

A pencil will do to fill out the coupon. Mail it today.

TYPEWRITERS DISTRIBUTING SYNDICATE

825—55 State Street, Chicago

Sign, cut out and mail

TRIAL ORDER COUPON

TYPEWRITERS DISTRIBUTING SYNDICATE,
825—55 State Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen:—Ship me an Oliver Typewriter, Model No. 3, on approval.

If entirely satisfactory, I agree to remit $5.00 within five days from date I receive machine and $5.00 each month thereafter for nine months, until the full purchase price of $50 is paid. Otherwise I will return the typewriter to you at your expense. It is understood that the title will remain in you until the purchase price is paid in full.

Name, ...

Address, ...

.....

References: .....

.....

The Lyceum World

By ARTHUR E. GRINGLE

well known as a public lecturer, writer, author and contributor to leading periodicals is—**For People Who Want Reading Worth While.**

THE LYCEUM WORLD is more and more being recognized as among the finest, brightest and best magazines of the country.

While peculiarly interested in and representing the people and purposes of the lyceum field, yet it is more and more recognized as one of the best magazines for individual or family reading.

And that is as it should be. What do lyceum or lecture-courses and chautauquas stand for but the highest and best "popular and public" instruction and entertainment? Then a magazine like THE LYCEUM WORLD, to truly represent the field and properly appeal to the people interested, must be **A Magazine of Popular and Public Instruction and Entertainment**, suitable for every man, woman and child of intelligence and aspiration. It contains **Great Lectures, Orginal Readings, Platform Instruction, Hints on Success in Platform Work,** articles on subjects of vital, literary and public interest. **Notes on Leading Lecturers, Musicians, Readers, Singers, Preachers, etc.**

During the coming year it will publish aritcles on such subjects as:

"Great Characters from Shakespeare," "Studies of Great Platform Orators," "Psycho-Therapy,"

and related subjects, such as Hypnotism, New Thought, Suggestion, Christian Science, Mind and Faith Healing, etc., etc., **"The White Slave Traffic"** and its neighbor, **"The Social Evil,"** both causes and curses, and many more of the best artieles to be found anywhere.

Dept. J, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

"THE WOMEN OF SHAKESPEARE"

The Most Remarkable Shakespearean Artieles of the Year.

It is with more than ordinary pleasure that **THE LYCEUM WORLD** announces that it has just secured the service of that great Shakespearean scholar and leeturer, Mr. Truman Joseph Spencer, who will prepare a series of articles on "WOMEN OF SHAKESPEARE," which will run for about one year in the columns of **THE LYCEUM WORLD.** This remarkable series should not be missed by those who want the very best discussions on the great characters which Shakespeare presents in his works. Shakespeare's declination of the different phases of womanhood, including sweetheart, wife, daughter, sister, mother, friend, etc., is among the most remarkable in literature. Among others, the following topics will be handled by this great writer:

IMOGEN, the woman of perfect balance.
HERMONIE and KATHARINE; wronged yet true.
OPHELIA, the Rose of May.
DESDEMONA, the love that outlived death.
CATO'S DAUGHTER, wife to Brutus.
CONSTANCE and VOLUMINA, Shakespeare's great mothers.
ISABELLA, the saintly sister.
CORDELIA, the loving daughter.

Subscribe Now. $1.00 a year. 15c a copy.. No free samples.

ADDRESS DEPT. J.

THE LYCEUM WORLD, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

I WILL MAKE YOU PROSPEROUS

If you are honest and ambitious write me today. No matter where you live or what your occupation, I will teach you the Real Estate business by mail; appoint you Special Representative of my Company in your town; start you in a profitable business of your own, and help you make big money at once.

Unusual opportunity for men without capital to become independent for life. Valuable Book and full particulars Free. Write today.

NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE REALTY CO.
M 135 Marden Building
Washington, D. C.

E. E. Marden, Pres.

Every Woman

is interested and should know about the wonderful

Whirling Spray
Marvel Douche

Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.

MARVEL CO., 44 E. 22d St., New York

RICE, RICE, RICE AT THE RIGHT PRICE —FREIGHT PREPAID TO YOUR STATION.

100 pounds long grain, Honduras variety $6.75
100 pounds round grain, Japan variety 5.90
100 pounds of broken, good table rice 4.25

At these prices rice is the cheapest food that can be had and there is nothing better for mankind. Send your orders to E. A. CALVIN, Mgr. Gulf Coast Farmers' Rice Co., 503 Kiam Bldg., Houston, Texas, Reference, Commercial National Bank, Houston, Texas.

ESTABLISH A NEW INDUSTRY

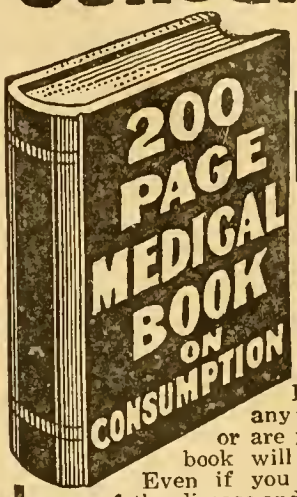
Read Up on the Utilization of Farm Waste and Wood Waste by Distillation

A general consideration of the NEW INDUSTRY, including a full description of the distilling apparatus used and the principle involved, also method of chemical control and disposal of the products; first edition illustrated by seventy-four engravings, 156 pages. This book is cloth bound. It will be sent to any address postpaid on receipt of $3.20.

Stills, 5-Gal. Tax-Free. Cost $135.00, pays for itself every month. Alcohol solidified, 32 Solid Sample Cubes, 194-proof and its Formula, including one Alcohol Stove, postpaid for $2.00. Address

Wood Waste Distillieries News Co., Wheeling, W. Va.

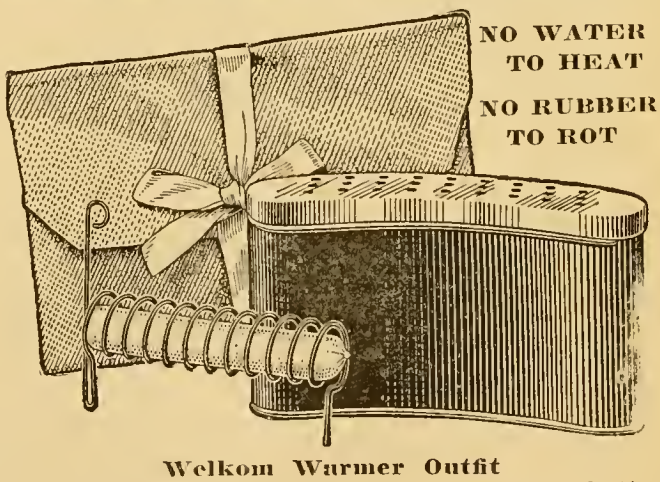
Consumption Book FREE



This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to The Yonkerman Company, 4996 Water Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will gladly send you the book by return mail free and also a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait, write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

WELKOM WARMER vs. HOT WATER BAG



Welkom Warmer Outfit

The only modern, safe and effective substitute for the antiquated Hot Water Bag.

It is made of metal and heated within one minute by simply lighting a tube containing a blazeless and smokeless fuel generating a uniform heat lasting over two hours at a cost of less than one cent. Will last for years.

It is curved to fit any portion of the body and weighs less than 5 ounces.

Endorsed by the medical profession as very effective in cases of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, etc.

Complete outfit including 10 tubes of fuel sent prepaid upon receipt of **$1.00.**

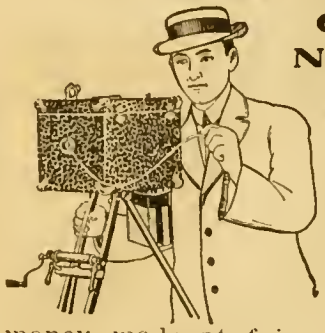
Write today for folder explaining the merits of this wonderful new device.

WELKOM WARMER MFG. CO.
Dept. 4, 108 Fulton St., New York.

A New Sensation

THE BIGGEST SURPRISE OF THE AGE

Photos Direct



On Post Cards
NO NEGATIVES

Hustlers and wide-awake men—the photo post card business offers unlimited opportunities. Small investment—**500 per cent. Profit.** No experience needed. Be independent — here is your chance to start your own business. Big money made at fairs, carnivals, amusement parks, ect., etc., with the

Mandel Combination No. 3 Camera

This camera makes two styles photo (size 3x4 1-2 and 2x3) **direct on the post card without the use of negatives.** A complete "portable photo gallery." Camera weighs 6 pounds. No dark room required—pictures made in broad daylight and finished on the spot in one minute. **Price of Camera $17.50.**

COMPLETE OUTFIT ONLY $26.

Outfit includes everything needed to start making money right away; also 100 large and 100 small post cards. Send $5 with order, bal. C. O. D. Write today for **Free Circular.**

CHICAGO FERROTYPE CO.

Dept. 36, Congress and Laflin Sts., CHICAGO.

A MAGAZINE of LAUGHTER

THE FUNNIEST OF ALL THE FUNNY MAGAZINES

Brimful of wholesome wit and humor. Join the campaign for One Million subscribers by sending **25** CENTS in Coin for **One Year** or five(5) separate subscriptions for $1.00. Foreign sub'ns, 25 cents extra.

THOMPSON'S MAGAZINE, Dept. D A, 328 Federal St., Chicago

Back or Current Numbers

of any American or Foreign technical or trade Journal furnished on short notice at moderate rates; also newspapers and magazines. Government and State Reports of all kinds in stock. Clippings on special subjects furnished promptly. **Magazines and Papers of all kinds bought. Wanted, back numbers of Watson's Magazine; also back copies supplied at low rates.** Special subscription price list on request.

A. W. CASTELLANOS, 263 Armstrong Ave. JERSEY CITY, N. J.

WE WANT A GOOD MAN OR WOMAN TO ACT AS GENERAL AGENT

selling our new and winning meritorious household necessity. It is easy to sell an article that people actually need in daily life. Appeals to the housewife on account of being economical; repeats quickly and sells the year around. Yields large profits to the agent. We want to hear from applicants having a good standing in their community and those willing to hustle. The opportunity affords you a permanent and pleasant business. If you have the ability to sell goods send for full particulars. If you desire a sample send five two-cent stamps for regular 25 cent package.

Famol Products Co.
1241 Famol Bldg., Washington D. C.

Cami Sachet Imparts a rare and charming odor. Surrounds user in an atmosphere of refined fragrance. Lasting freshness. Package and agents terms 10c.

CAMI CHEMICAL CO., Box 231, New Brunswick, N. J.

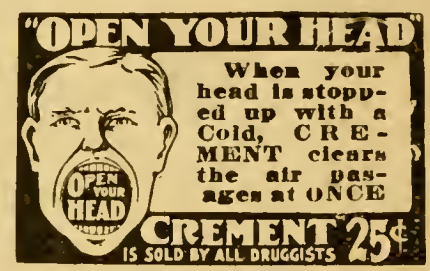
Wedding Invitations, Announcements

Visiting Cards and Stamped Stationery. Correct Styles from an Elegant Shop at Moderate Prices. Samples upon request. Our New Book Social Etiquette $1—free with every order.

LYCETT, 317 NORTH CHARLES STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

WANTED— The services of a representative to look after our old customers and prospective buyers of our Modern Simple Tax-free Industrial Alcohol Distilling Apparatus, but special successful demonstrative methods for making Alcohol, Apple Jack, Aguardiente, Mescal, Teguila, Peach Brandy, Solidified Alcohol in Cubes, Essential Oil, Cedar Oil, Denatured Alcohol. Most modern, simple 5-Gallon Still and all sizes to 500-Galloon daily capacities. Good commission. Address

The Wood Waste Distilleries Company, (Inc.)
Wheeling, W. Va., U. S. A.



VENTRILOQUISM

Taught Any Man or Boy

by Mail at Home. This is no special gift as you have supposed, but an art. I have taught thousands in all parts of the world. Cost small. Send today, 2-cent stamp for particulars and proofs.

O. A. SMITH, Room 1645—823 Bigelow St., PEORIA, ILL.

READ

BETHANY

By THOS. E. WATSON

A Romantic Story of the Days of the Civil War. True in Every Detail

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR

JEFFERSONIAN PUB. CO., Thomson, Ga.

SPECIAL OFFER TO READERS OF WATSON'S MAGAZINE:

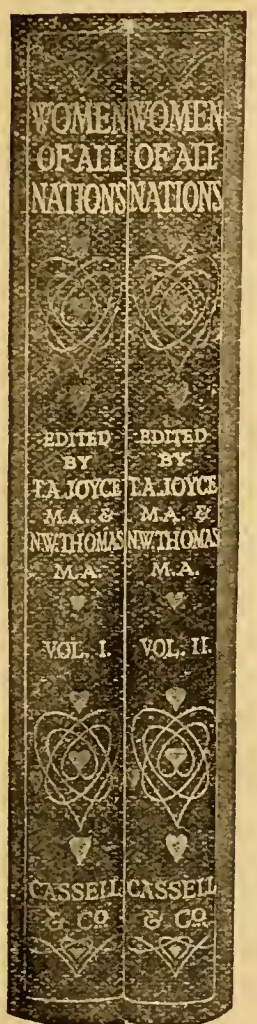
We will send you on approval without (advance payment)

Women of All Nations

Their Characteristics, Customs, Manners, Influence

Edited by T. Athol Joyce, M. A., and N. W. Thomas, M. A., Fellows of Royal Anthropological Institute

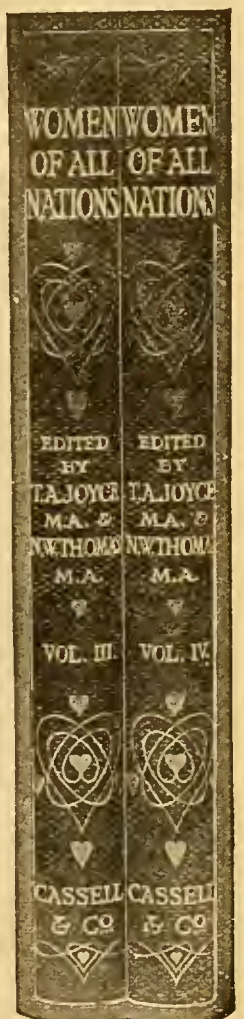
Contributors: Prof. Otis T. Mason, Smithsonian Institution; Mr. W. W. Skeat; Mr. Archibald Colquhoun; Dr. Theodore Koch Grünberg, Berlin Museum; Miss A. Werner, Mr. W. Crook, etc., etc.



Most readers of the "National Geographic Magazine" have read about or already possess this splendid work. The allotment for America is gradually being sold, and this may be the last announcement before the work goes out of print. Prompt action is therefore urged upon members who are interested.

For the Connoisseur's Library

This wonderfully fascinating new work, in four quarto volumes, contains a truthful and authoritative account of the curious and widely contrasting lives lived by the women of today in every part of the world. The vast number of rare photographic studies, obtained at great risk and outlay and here reproduced for the first time, can never be duplicated. The text has been written by well-known scientists with a regard for the piquancy and interest of the subject, which is shown by the novel and delightfully entertaining results which have been gained. Thus, as one reads, charmed by the pure human interest of the work, one unconsciously absorbs an intimate scientific knowledge of the Customs and Traditions, Peculiarities of Dress, Ideas of Beauty, Love-making, Betrothal, Marriage, Children, Characteristics of Widowhood, etc., among the women of all climes and countries.



Exquisitely Illustrated, Printed and Bound

The work is in four superb quarto volumes, each volume measuring 8¼ x 11½ inches. The binding is rich red Irish buckram, stamped in gold. The paper is extra heavy plate; the type, large and beautifully clear. There are **more than seven hundred half-tone reproductions of photographs of women,** 98 per cent of which have never before been used. There are also 25 dainty full-page plates in color, each a valuable picture in itself.

Here You May Read of

The beauty question—ideals compared; feminine adornments—savage and civilized; paint and powder—artificial colorings the world over; tattooing fashions—curious customs; ideas of modesty—how they vary; feminine charms—how world-wide ideas differ; love and courtship—traditions and customs; kissing customs among various races; marriage ceremonies compared; woman's sphere in tribe and nation; woman in war; women as rulers; women's work; legends of women; witchcraft; psychology of sex, etc., etc.

Examine before purchasing the one work of its kind in the history of Literature.

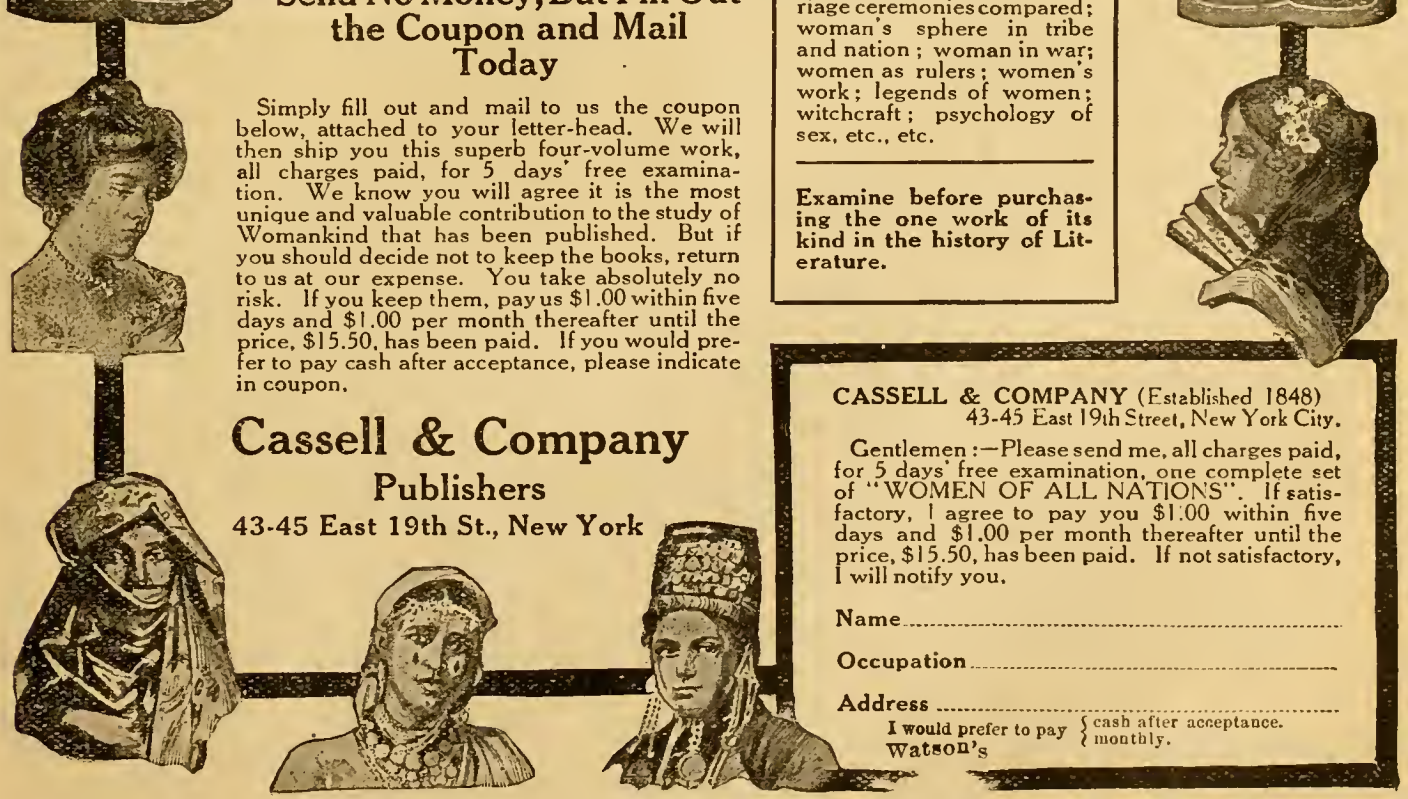
Send No Money, But Fill Out the Coupon and Mail Today

Simply fill out and mail to us the coupon below, attached to your letter-head. We will then ship you this superb four-volume work, all charges paid, for 5 days' free examination. We know you will agree it is the most unique and valuable contribution to the study of Womankind that has been published. But if you should decide not to keep the books, return to us at our expense. You take absolutely no risk. If you keep them, pay us $1.00 within five days and $1.00 per month thereafter until the price, $15.50, has been paid. If you would prefer to pay cash after acceptance, please indicate in coupon.

Cassell & Company

Publishers

43-45 East 19th St., New York



CASSELL & COMPANY (Established 1848)
43-45 East 19th Street, New York City.

Gentlemen:—Please send me, all charges paid, for 5 days' free examination, one complete set of "WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS". If satisfactory, I agree to pay you $1.00 within five days and $1.00 per month thereafter until the price, $15.50, has been paid. If not satisfactory, I will notify you.

Name .....

Occupation .....

Address .....

I would prefer to pay { cash after acceptance. monthly.

Watson's

Headache and Neuralgia

Quickly and safely relieved by

ME-GRIM-INE

For over 20 years a World Standard Remedy for all forms of headache and neuralgia. Destroys those morbid elements in the blood which irritate the nerves and produce pain.

Write for FREE TRIAL Box

The Dr. Whitehall Megrimine Co., 107 S. Lafayette St., South Bend, Indiana

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS *Established 1889*

MORPHINE

ALL DRUG ADDICTIONS AND ALCOHOLISM

successfully treated IN TEN DAYS without nervous distress or suffering. Only sanitarium in America giving unconditional guarantee. Patients are allowed to deposit fee in any Bank in Lebanon payable after a satisfactory cure is effected. Our elegant and modernly equipped building has every electrical appliance for the successful treatment of these addictions. Patients who cannot visit Sanitarium can be treated privately at home. References: Any Banker, Minister or Citizen of Lebanon. Address

F. J. SANDERS, Jr., Manager, - - Lebanon, Tenn.

What Do You Know About Freemasonry?

Every man who belongs to this ancient and honorable fraternity, should be thoroughly conversant with its ancient customs, traditions, and history. These subjects are covered in "due form" in the pages of THE NEW AGE MAGAZINE each month by the greatest Masonic writers and students of the day.

Every Mason, from the youngest Entered Apprentice, who stands in the North-east corner of the Lodge, to the Worshipful Master, who presides in the East, will find interesting and instructive reading in the pages of THE NEW AGE MAGAZINE.

THE NEW AGE MAGAZINE is not only the leading Masonic forum of the world today, but it is a standard literary magazine of the highest character as well. The Literary section of THE NEW AGE MAGAZINE is not excelled by any popular magazine published. There are good, crisp, clean-cut stories of fiction and travel contributed by some of the best known writers in the literary world; just the right kind of reading that will entertain the entire family circle—Father, Mother, Wife, Sons and Daughters.

Subscription price is $1.50 per year; sample copies sent on request. Energetic agents wanted in every community. Liberal commissions. Write today for sample copy and full particulars.

THE NEW AGE MAGAZINE

No. 1 Madison Avenue, - - New York City

SPECIAL CLUBBING OFFER---WATSON'S MAGAZINE and the NEW AGE MAGAZINE, both together for $1.50

Why Men Drink

I was a heavy drinker for years so I know facts. It is now very easy for anyone addicted to alcoholic craving to quit forever without the sligthest suffering, no lost time, no sickness, no self-denial, no pledges, no threats, but a practical, harmless, common-sense method, absolutely guaranteed. I tell all about it in my book, **"Confessions of a Former Alcohol Slave."** I also have a joyous message for

Mothers, Wives, Sisters,

I explain why men drink and how they can be saved from the awful habit even **without their knowledge.** Send for my book; tells how to conquer the drink habit at home speedily and easily. With my book, I will mail a convincing array of **voluntary testimonials**—a legion of them. Mailed free, plain wrapper. Correspondence strictly confidential. Address

EDWARD J. WOODS
534 Sixth Ave., 936 A, New York, N. Y.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever

DR. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream of Magical Beautifier

PURIFIES as well as beautifies the skin. No other cosmetic will do it

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 64 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the hautton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'GOURAUD'S CREAM,' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." For sale by all druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers in the United States, Canada and Europe.

FERD T. HOPKINS, Prop., 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS

FREE

STUART'S PLAS-TR-PADS are different from the truss, being medicine applicators made **self adhesive** purposely to hold the parts securely in place. **No straps,** buckles or springs—cannot slip, so **cannot** chafe or compress against the pubic bone. The most obstinate cases **cured.** Thousands have successfully treated themselves at home without hindrance from work. **Soft as velvet —easy to apply—inexpensive.** Awarded Gold Medal. Process of recovery is natural, so no further use for truss. We prove what we say by sending you Trial of Plapao absolutely **FREE. Write TODAY. Address—**

TRIAL OF PLAPAO —PLAPAO LABORATORIES, Bl'k 176 St. Louis, Mo.

Name.....

Address.....

Return mail will bring Free Trial Plapao.....

THE CAMBRIDGE ENCYCLOPEDIA CO.

1 Madison Avenue (Box 160) NEW YORK

WORKS OF HON. ALEX. DEL MAR

Formerly Director of the Bureau of Commerce, Navigation and Statistics, U. S. Treasury Department; Commissioner to Italy, Holland and Russia; Member of the U. S. Monetary Commission, etc.

The Empire and Worship of Augustus Cæsar; derived from recent studies in the great Libraries and Archæological Collections of Europe; including a New Chronology of History and Religion. 8vo, pp. 400; cloth, $3.

The Middle Ages Revisited; or the Roman Government and Religion from Augustus to the Fall of Constantinople; 8vo, pp. 400; cloth, $3.

Ancient Britain; in the light of Modern Archæological Discoveries; 8vo, pp. 250; cloth, $2.

A History of Monetary System; or a record of actual experiments in Money, made by various States of the Modern World, as drawn from their statutes, customs, treaties, mining regulations, jurisprudence, history, archæology, coins, nummulary systems, and other sources of information; pp. 450; cloth, $2.50.

History of Money in America; from the Spanish Conquest to the Foundation of the American Constitution; 8vo, pp. 200; cloth, $1.50.

History of Money in the Netherlands; pamphlet; 8vo, pp. 32; 50 cents.

The Venus de Milo, its History and its Art; illustrated, 8vo, pp. 50. **Edition de Luxe,** 50 cents.

The Science of Money; or the Principles Deducible from its History, ancient and modern; third edition; 8vo, pp. 226; cloth, $2.

A History of the Precious Metals; from the Earliest Times to the Present. Second edition, complete in one volume; pp. 500, 8vo, cloth and gold, $3; half morocco, $4. This is not a recension of the First Edition (London, 1880), but an entirely new work constructed on an improved plant by the same author.

Life of Hon. Alex. Del Mar, by J. K. H. Wilcox; 8vo. pamphlet; third edition, 50 cents.

IF GOING TO
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Write for Handsome Descriptive Booklet and Map

HOTEL RICHMOND

17th and H Streets-N. W.

Location and size: Around the corner from the White House. Direct street car route to palatial Union Station. 100 Rooms, 50 Baths.

Plans, rates and features: European, $1.50 per day upward; with Bath, $2.50 upward.

American, $3.00 per day upward; with Bath $4.00 upward.

Club breakfast, 20c to 75c. Table d'Hote breakfast $1.00; Luncheon 50c and Dinner $1.00.

A Model Hotel Conducted for Your Comfort

CLIFFORD M. LEWIS, Prop.

✣ ✣ ✣

BOOKLET

HOTEL VICTORIA

CHICAGO

In the heart of wholesale, retail and theatrical district.

Fireproof Construction

$1.00 AND UP PER DAY

Remodeled and refurnished at an expense of over $150,000.

OPPOSITE LA SALLE DEPOT

Cor. Clark and VanBuren Streets

ELMER C. PUFFER

Managing Director

WHEN IN

BALTIMORE

STOP AT THE

HOTEL JOYCE

EUROPEAN

130 Rooms Elegantly Furnished
Unexcelled Cuisine
Rooms With Bath and en Suite

Centrally Located Opposite Camden Station
Main Depot B. & O R. R.

Rates $1.00 per Day and Upwards
SEND FOR BOOKLET

HOTEL JOYCE
Baltimore, Md.

Makes Long, Rich, Glossy Hair

Gives Freedom from Headache and Neuralgia; Prevents Dandruff, Falling Hair and Baldness; for Gentlemen also. Beware of imitations. My brush is packed in a neat box with compass to test power.

Try it 30 days; if not found as represented, return it and money will be refunded. Canvassing agents wanted. Write for our book, "The Germ of all Life is Electricity." Dr. Scott's Electric Comb, 50c. *Established 32 years.*

Price, Postpaid to Any Address, $1.00

Pall Mall Electric Co., 876 Broadway, New York

200,000 Americans

HAVE PLACED IN THEIR HOMES THE WORLD-FAMED PUBLICATION

Ridpath's History of the World

This means that practically as many Americans have bought Ridpath as have bought the great Encyclopedia Britannica and the Country Dictionary combined. Can you imagine any greater testimonial for any book?

Dr. Ridpath's Immortal Work commands the admiration of the English-speaking world. It is endorsed by the scholarship of the world, and by the great American people, as the only history of the world worth having.

THE FAILURE OF THE PUBLISHERS

Places in our hands the remaining sets of this great publication

9 Massive Royal Octavo Volumes, 4,000 double-column pages, 2,000 superb illustrations, brand new, latest edition down to date, beautifully bound in Half Morocco. We are selling these sets, while they last,

At LESS than even DAMAGED SETS were ever sold

We will name our price only in *direct letters* to those sending us the *Coupon* below. *Tear off the Coupon, write name and address plainly and mail to us now before you forget it.*

Here is your opportunity to secure Ridpath's History of the World at the lowest price ever offered—and on easy terms. It will cost you nothing to inspect the beautiful specimen pages and let us mail you full particulars of our offer. The sample pages are free.

Royal octavo volumes, encyclopedia size, 11 in. tall, 8 in. wide, 2 in. thick, weighs 55 lbs.

RIDPATH takes you back to the dawn of history, long before the Pyramids of Egypt were built, down through the romantic troubled times of Chaldea's grandeur and Assyria's magnificence; of Babylonia's wealth and luxury; of Greek and Roman splendor; of Mohammedan culture and refinement; of French elegance and British power; to the rise of the Western World including the complete history of the United States and every other nation down to the close of the Russia-Japan war.

He throws the mantle of personality over the old heroes of history. Alexander is there,—patriot, warrior, statesman, diplomat,—crowning the glory of Grecian history. Xerxes from his mountain platform sees Themistocles, with three hundred and fifty Greek ships, smash his Persian fleet of over a thousand sail and help to mold the language in which this paragraph is written. Rome perches Nero upon the greatest throne on earth, and so sets up a poor madman's name to stand for countless centuries as the synonym of savage cruelty. Napoleon fights Waterloo again under your very eyes, and reels before the iron fact that at last the end of his gilded dream had come. Bismarck is there—gruff, overbearing, a giant pugilist in the diplomatic ring—laughing with grim disdain at France which says, "You shall not." Washington is there "four square to all winds," grave thoughtful, proof against the wiles of British strategy and the poisoned darts of false friends; clear-seeing over the heads of his fellow-countrymen and on into another century, the most colossal world-figure of his time.

He covers *every race, every nation, every time*, and holds you spellbound by his wonderful eloquence. Nothing more interesting, absorbing and inspiring was ever written by man.

Ridpath should be in your home. It is a work that you will value as long as you live and read over and over again.

Send Coupon To-day

$1
Brings the Complete Set
Balance Small Sums Monthly

FOLD HERE. TEAR OUT. SIGN AND MAIL

11-11

FREE COUPON

Western Newspaper Association
204 Dearborn St.,
Chicago, Ill.

Please mail, without cost to me, sample pages of Ridpath's History containing his famous "Race Chart," in colors, map of China and Japan, diagram of Panama Canal, etc., and write me full particulars of your special offer to Watson's Magazine Readers.

Name _____

Address _____

Ravenwood Stock Farm

HOME OF THE BIG BONE BERKSHIRE

J. D. B. DeBOW
Proprietor

Visitors and Fanciers are cordially invited to call and inspect our great **Ravenwood Herd of Berkshires.** They represent the greatest size, style and quality. Those desiring stock hogs or show hogs can find them at our breeding farm a few miles out from Nashville, Tennessee. Come and see the largest hogs of the breed ever driven in a show ring in the history of the world. Young pigs and bred gilts always for sale. At the 1907 Tennessee State Fair this herd won all Grand Championships and First Prizes for both "under a year" and "aged" herds, as well as 21 first prizes out of 26 in individual classes. In 1908 it won the Championship of the World at the great American Royal Show, held at Kansas City, Mo., and in addition won the Championship, or Grand Championship, at the great State Fairs of Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, etc. The cut above shows the style and finish of the hogs raised, and the one below shows the place where they are raised.

RAVENWOOD STOCK FARM

NASHVILLE, - - - TENNESSEE